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THE THOUSAND AND ONE QUARTERS OF AN HOUR.

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THE THOUSAND AND ONE QUARTERS OF AN HOUR

(TARTARIAN TALES).

EDITED BY
LEONARD C. SMITHERS.

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PREFACE.

THESE very lively, ingenious, and entertaining imitations of the "Arabian Nights" are confessedly the work of Thomas Simon Gueulette. He was born at Paris in 1683, and held the office of substitute of the royal procurator at the Châtelet. Possessed of a very fertile imagination, he produced a great number of works of amusement. In the style of the fairy tales, he made his *début* with *Les Soirées Bretonnes*, or the Evenings of Brittany, which appeared in 1712, and on which Voltaire founded his celebrated *Zadig*. In the year 1723 he produced the Thousand and One Quarters of an Hour, or the Tartarian Tales; which were followed in the same year by the Chinese Tales, or the Marvellous Adventures of the Mandarin Fum-Hoam, and by the Sultanas of Guzarat, or the Dreams of Men Awake, generally known under the name of the Mogul Tales. He imitated the tales of Count Hamilton, and, though his style is less brilliant, and his incidents have less of what the French

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call *bizarrerie*, the numerous stories which he has produced abound in interesting situations, and are, in general, true pictures of what they are intended to represent.

The collection of Tales here given is generally the work of Gueulette's own imagination; but he has often introduced allusions to, and incidents from, real Oriental fictions, and, in some instances from the works of European novelists.

The tale of the Three Crump-Brothers he acknowledges to have borrowed from the novels of Straparola; but asserts that it cost him great trouble to vary and adapt it to his own purposes. Several other novels, however, furnished subjects for these tales, amongst which Le Grand notices several fabliaux, viz., the Judgment of Solomon, the Lay of Hippocrates, and Le Chevalier de la Trappe.

Besides these works, he was author of a novel, entitled *Les Mémoires de Mademoiselle Bontems*, and of several short pieces for the *Théâtre Italien*, the profits of which he always resigned to the actors. He edited Rabelais, and the ancient French romances of Petit-Jean de Saintré, and Gerard comte de Nevers. His character is described as gentle and lively, and his company was generally sought after. He was of a beneficent disposition; and on the death of his

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wife resigned the whole of his right to her fortune in favour of her relations. Hospitality he practised to a great extent; and in his country house at Choisy-le-Roi, he instituted a private theatre, where some of the most distinguished of his friends performed. He is said to have had a wonderful talent for puppet-shows, and to have acted the part of Punch to perfection. His vivacity is reported to have often embroiled him with the clergy. He died at *Doyen de la Compagnie*, in the year 1768.

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INTRODUCTION

TALE OF KING SHAMS AL-DIN

NEAR Astrakhan lived a solitary darwaysh, who, returning one evening from angling upon the banks of the river Volga, was surprised to find on the threshold of his cell a new-born child, and stark naked. He took it in his arms, and ran to tell this accident to a tailor of Astrakhan, called Kurban, from whom he was often used to receive alms.

The tailor's wife happily was brought to bed the very night before of a daughter, which died the moment it came into the world. She offered the breast to the child the darwaysh had brought her, and forgetting as it were her own daughter, turned her affection entirely to the little boy, whom she named Shams al-Din. The tailor and his wife, having had no children for near fifteen years, loved little Shams al-Din with extreme tenderness; and the boy, believing himself their son, returned it with a respect and submission which augmented the affection they had for him. When he was grown up, notwithstanding the inclination he found in himself for arms, the sole will of Kurban engaged him to learn the trade of a tailor; and in less than two years he made such extraordinary progress in that profession, that only by looking at a person, without taking any measure, he could make a suit of clothes as exactly fit as the best tailor in Astrakhan could make with ever so much measuring. Shams al-Din's skill quickly made a noise all over the town:

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nobody was thought to have a tolerable good taste, if he was not dressed in a suit of his making; and most of the ladies employed him without giving umbrage to their husbands, because by seeing them only at a distance, he could in four days' time bring them such a habit as they desired.

One day, as this young tailor was in his shop, an old slave, accosting him, desired to speak with him in private. Sir, said she, be so kind as to come along with me immediately; two of the handsomest ladies in all Astrakhan have occasion for your service. Shams al-Din readily promised to go with her. But this is not all, replied the woman; you must consent to have your eyes muffled, otherwise I must not carry you along with me. Shams al-Din was surprised at such a proposal; but resolving to venture anything rather than miss seeing a couple of beautiful ladies, he immediately went with the old woman. She conducted him to a little house in the suburbs of Astrakhan; carried him into a parlor, and pulling out a silk handkerchief embroidered with gold, presented him to two black slaves, who had their sabres in their hands; ordered them to bind his eyes with that handkerchief, and to conduct him to the place where he was expected: but that if he showed the least curiosity to discover the way they led him, they should that moment cut off his head. This order frightened the young tailor. Fear nothing, said the old woman to him; provided you are wise and discreet, your life is safe. He resumed his courage on these promises, suffered them to bind his eyes, and walked thus blindfold for the space of an hour; when the slaves taking off his muffler, he found himself in a hall magnificently lighted by above a hundred wax tapers.

At the upper end of the hall was a throne of massy silver, upon which sat three ladies, each covered with a veil, through which it was nevertheless easy to perceive, that one of them, though perfectly handsome, was about forty years

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old, and that nature had formed nothing so charming and so complete as the other two, who seemed to be hardly eighteen. A great number of female slaves, veiled in the same manner, and ranged on each side of the throne, kept a profound silence, and seemed respectfully to await the command of the three ladies. After they had given the tailor time to look about him and admire so much magnificence, the lady that appeared the eldest of the three rose from the throne. Shams al-Din, says she, your reputation has excited our curiosity. We have heard wonders concerning your skill, and are willing to be judges of it ourselves; look well upon these two young ladies; view their shapes with attention: Dare you engage, without taking any other measure, to make each of them a genteel suit of clothes? — Madam, replied the young tailor, I shall do my endeavors to keep up the reputation I have with some justice acquired: I have viewed these ladies enough; order me the silks, and in eight days' time you shall be satisfied.

The black slaves upon this led Shams al-Din into another room, and opened twenty coffers, which were all full of the finest silks of the East: he chose what was necessary to make the two habits complete. His eyes were again muffled, and he was led to the house of the old woman, who re-conducted him home. If you would have your good fortune continue, said she to him at parting, do not seek to know from whence you come, or for whom you are to work: the least step you take towards such a discovery will cost you your life. Think of nothing but how to execute as soon as possible the orders you have received. I shall fetch you again eight days hence, and carry you to the same ladies, upon the former conditions.

The old woman having taken leave of Shams al-Din, he went to bed, after he had neatly laid up the silks, resolving to begin the suits at break of day: but he could not close his eyes all the night; the charms of one of the young ladies

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returned to his mind a thousand times. Two large blue eyes, whose brightness shot through the obscurity of her veil, had made such an impression upon his mind, that he was no longer master of himself. He got up, lighted his lamp, and after having studied some time in what manner he should cut out his silks, he hit upon a method so uncommon, and withal so advantageous to the beauty of the two young ladies, especially of her he admired, that he had very good reason to believe they would be pleased with his performance. He then set to work with abundance of care and diligence; and the clothes being finished at the day appointed, the old woman who came to fetch him, committed him with his eyes muffled into the hands of the two blacks, who, after having led him through the same passages as before, presented him to the three ladies, whom he found seated upon the throne of silver.

Shams al-Din had no sooner opened his bundle and spread out the habits, than they began to extol his wonderful fancy. The two ladies, for whom they were made, retired into a sort of wardrobe with four slaves. They returned into the hall a few minutes afterwards without veils, and in their new habits, but a thousand times more brilliant than the full moon. As soon as they appeared, the hall resounded with the applauses of the slaves, and the young tailor was so struck with the charms of her to whom he had consecrated his heart, that he fell backwards upon a sofa, and was ready to die with the extreme pleasure he felt in that moment. Indeed, the beauty of those ladies was so great, that it could be compared to nothing but to that of the houris.

They extolled Shams al-Din to the skies, praised the invention and neatness of his work, gave him each of them a purse of a hundred pieces of gold, and begged him to make them two more suits, different from those which he had now brought them. The young man went into the silk-

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room, chose five pieces of a very pretty fancy, made two other suits more singular than had yet been seen, returned at the eight days' end with the same ceremonies, received greater applauses than before, two hundred pieces of gold, and orders for choosing silks to make up more. In short, this trade continued for seven weeks together, in which time Shams al-Din had made up fourteen suits of clothes, and received as many purses of gold; when the passion he had conceived for one of the two ladies grew so violent, that notwithstanding the distance there appeared to be between him and her, he resolved to declare his love. After having considered a great while how he should go about it, he could think of no other expedient but to put a letter for her in the pocket of the next suit of clothes he should carry her. He executed this design, and expressed what he felt for her in terms so moving and so submissive, that he hoped, if she did not accept of his heart, at least she would forgive his rashness in offering it.

The letter had all the effect Shams al-Din could wish for. The next time he appeared before his lady, instead of anger, he read in her eyes something so sweet, that he had much ado to refrain from throwing himself at her feet. He presented her with her clothes, she went out to try them, and sent them back to him a moment afterwards, with word that they were something too little. The young tailor, who well knew that the clothes were as they should be, soon imagined that this was only a feint to convey him an answer. He pulled out his scissors and his needle, and pretending to alter what was amiss, searched the pockets, and in one of them found a letter, which he dexterously put up; and then returned the habit, without having made the least alteration in it: the lady was very well satisfied with it, and came again into the hall. New orders were given to the young tailor, he was re-conducted as usual, and the moment he was got home he broke open the letter, in which he read what follows: "I

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could not, amiable Shams al-Din, be insensible to your passion: you describe it in colors so lively and so natural, that I should be afraid of offending our great Prophet if I repaid it with ingratitude. I love you, and do not blush to confess it. Everything in you pleases me; and you should quickly be happy if it depended upon me alone to crown your love, which I believe is sincere and honorable; but, dear light of my life, what tears must this confession cost you, when you know that I am forever shut up in a place where all things are designed for the pleasure of the king of Astrakhan, and the unfortunate Zabd al-Katon must never hope to be united with the tender Shams al-Din."

If the young tailor felt an infinite deal of joy at reading of this letter, that joy was not unmixed with grief. Zabd al-Katon was the finest woman in all Tartary, but it was impossible not to know that she was the favorite of Al-Salah, king of Astrakhan. Shams al-Din was too conversant among the principal persons in the city, not to have heard talk of the charms of that young lady, and her cruelty towards the king. As that prince was above sixty years old, and Zabd al-Katon hardly seventeen, she did not know how to reconcile herself to sexagenary sighs; and the king of Astrakhan, who loved her with unparalleled ardor and delicacy, being unwilling to make use of the authority he had over his slave, waited with patience, till his unbounded complaisance should gain him the fair one's heart.

Shams al-Din too plainly saw how impossible it was to carry off Zabd al-Katon from his king; this reflection threw him into such a violent despair, that when the old slave came to fetch him to the seraglio, she found him sick a-bed of a violent fever. She ran and told this news to the three ladies. They were very much alarmed at it; and without considering the danger to which they exposed themselves, they gained over the eunuchs, who had suffered the young tailor to visit them so often, and by this means had liberty to go

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out of the palace. Shams al-Din, who was resolved to use no remedies whereby he might be cured, was in the greatest surprise to see those ladies at his bed's head. He did his utmost to show his acknowledgment of this favor; when the eldest of the three, having lifted up her veil for the first time, spoke to him in these words: Your health, charming Shams al-Din, is so dear to us, that we venture our own lives for an opportunity of trying if there is no way to save yours; we beg you to tell us the cause of your illness, and perhaps we may find out some remedy for it. The young tailor, seized with respect, and touched with the beauty of that lady, who felt a certain emotion she could not account for, raised himself up: Ah! madam, replied he in a languishing voice, however incurable I thought my distemper, your presence, and that of these ladies, has poured a salutary balm into my wounds. Grief alone was the illness which would have given me my death; but since you have the goodness to interest yourself in the preservation of a miserable wretch, I abandon the cruel resolution I had taken, and hope in less than six days' time I shall be able to deliver these two ladies the clothes they have commanded me to make for them. Zabd al-Katon, affected with the young tailor's extraordinary passion, pressed his hand. If that is possible, says she, without endangering your health, pray endeavor, my dear Shams al-Din, to keep your word with us; you cannot imagine the joy it will be to me in particular. The ladies, after this, got up, and attended by the eunuchs, who had conducted them quite to the tailor's house, returned to the palace.

Shams al-Din passed a night in so great an excess of pleasure, that by the next morning he was in a condition to begin the clothes. They were finished at the six days' end as he promised, and the old woman, who often came to inquire after his health, having put him into the hands of the two blacks, they carried him to the hall, which at sight of him resounded with a thousand shouts of joy. Shams al-

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Din presented the habits to the ladies. They viewed them over and over, and found them of a fancy so superior to those which he had made before, that they were perfectly charmed with them. To add to their magnificence, they sent for a casket full of jewels, and ordered him to choose some out to fix upon those clothes. The young tailor obeyed their commands, and was fastening the sleeve of the charming Zabd al-Katon with a clasp of diamonds, when on a sudden the door of the hall burst open, and a man in whose face was painted the height of fury, came directly towards him with his sabre in his hand. Shams al-Din soon perceived him to be the king of Astrakhan, and now looked upon his death to be inevitable; but not thinking it proper to wait for the effect of that prince's revenge, nor to abandon to his fury the three ladies to whom he was so much obliged, he immediately seized a poniard set with diamonds, which was in the casket, and without giving the king time to come up, darted at him with so good an aim, that he gave him a deep wound, which felled him to the earth.

Al-Salah in this condition had not strength enough to get up. He called for help, and twelve black eunuchs running in at his voice, he commanded them to seize Shams al-Din, as likewise the three ladies and the two black slaves; to strip them to the waist, and to cut them to pieces with their sabres. While the king was laid upon a sofa, and his surgeon sent for, the cruel orders he had given were in part executed. They had now stripped all the criminals, who were just ready to undergo that cruel sentence, when the eldest of the three ladies, having by chance cast her eyes upon the young Shams al-Din, and spied the mark of a pomegranate which he had beneath the right pap: Ah, my lord, says she, throwing herself at Al-Salah's feet, suspend, I beseech you, for a moment, your just anger! I alone am guilty. The unfortunate Sutchumi your daughter, Zabd al-Katon, and the young man, are innocent; but destiny is not

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to be avoided; and notwithstanding all the precaution you have taken to escape the prediction of the astrologer, behold that prediction at length accomplished by the unavoidable dispensation of Providence.

The king, surprised at this discourse, caused his eunuchs to retire; and after having ordered the ladies and tailor to cover themselves, he commanded her who had just now spoken to explain that enigma, which he was at a loss to understand. This lady obeyed the king's commands, and delivered herself in these terms:

HISTORY OF THE SULTANA DUGMI

You may, my lord, remember that at the time when I had the happiness to please you, upon your consulting the famous Abd al-Malik upon my pregnancy, that astrologer told you I should bring forth a son who should give you your death, and be the cause of his too, if the child were not killed as soon as born. As Abd al-Malik's predictions always came true, this gave you abundance of uneasiness; and to prevent the misfortune you were threatened with, you had me watched with the utmost strictness. In vain I represented to you the little credit that is to be given to a science so uncertain as astrology; you resolved to be present at my labor, to hinder any deceit on my side. My tears had no effect upon you; you were inexorable: I could not dissuade you from the cruel resolution you had taken to shed your own blood, and I almost died away with grief and terror, at seeing you enter my chamber with Abd al-Malik, at the moment when you were assured I was just ready to be brought to bed. But, my lord, you cannot have forgot that I passed from the most violent uneasiness to the most excessive joy, when, instead of a boy, I brought into the world the unfortunate Sutchumi. Then you looked upon Abd al-Malik with indignation: Ignorant or wicked astrologer, said you to

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him, your eyes inflamed with anger, I shall teach thee to mock thy king in this manner. Thy malice had like to have cost my dear Dugmi her life: but I will soon punish an insolent subject for his temerity. Upon this, Abd al-Malik, continued the sultana, threw himself at your feet. My lord, said he, do not begin with me to fulfil a prediction which will prove but too true. Have but a moment's patience, and you shall find that my science is not ill grounded. You did not give the astrologer time to finish what he had to say; you severed his head from his body at one blow of your sabre, and went out of the room, after having sent away the daughter I had brought forth.

You could scarce, my lord, be got into your own apartment, when I felt new pains. The woman who had assisted me in my first came to me. She found I was going to bring forth another child: she sent everybody out of my chamber upon different pretences, and a moment afterwards I brought forth a son, beauteous as the light. Nature, which had formed nothing so complete, would not give me leave to sacrifice him to you. My bowels rebelled against the cruelty which I accused you of in my soul; I put my son, with jewels to a considerable value, into the hands of the midwife, and begged her to go immediately to seek a nurse for it somewhere out of Astrakhan. Being now no longer watched, it was easy for that woman to carry out my son, and I impatiently expected her return, that I might hear what was become of him; when, four days being past without seeing anything of her, I was at last told, to my unspeakable grief, that she was murdered a few leagues from Astrakhan. There was no mention made of any child being found with her, and that gave me some comfort; but notwithstanding all the secret search I have made ever since that time to find out what was become of my son, I have never been able to learn any news of him; and I looked upon him as irrecoverably lost, when at this moment, my lord, I know him in that

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young man, by the pomegranate upon his breast, as upon that of Sutchumi, his twin sister. It was undoubtedly natural sympathy, continued Dugmi, that acted in me, when passing with your Majesty by Kurban's shop, about two months ago, I of a sudden felt for that young tailor an extreme tenderness, which had nothing in it that was criminal, and of which I knew not the secret cause. It is I alone, my lord, that under the pretence of employing him to make clothes for my daughter and the beautiful Zabd al-Katon, corrupted your eunuchs to convey him into the palace; punish, therefore, in me the only instrument of all your misfortunes.

TALE OF KING SHAMS AL-DIN (Continued)

The king of Astrakhan was strangely surprised at this story; and though the melancholy state he was in should have made him think of nothing but revenge, he gave orders to send immediately for the tailor and his wife, who passed for the father and mother of Shams al-Din. While they were gone for, the surgeon dressed the king's wound; and it was not without inconceivable anguish, that Shams al-Din read in the surgeon's eyes that his life was in danger. The tailor and his wife came at last. They confessed that the young man was none of their son; that he was brought to them about eighteen years before by a solitary darwaysh, who told them he found him stark naked in his little hut at his return from angling in the river Volga, and that the good old man died suddenly three months afterwards, without having been able to give them any further information.

The day on which Shams al-Din had been carried to Kurban agreeing exactly with that of Sutchumi's birth, and the pomegranate upon his breast which was in the same place as upon his twin sister, entirely convincing the king he was his son, he caused him to come near, embraced him affectionately, and ordered him to be covered with a sumptu-

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ous robe. If on one side Shams al-Din rejoiced at the nobleness of his birth, on the other his soul was full of the sharpest affliction. He threw himself at Al-Salah's feet: My lord, he said, melting into tears, I wait impatiently for death; I cannot look upon myself without horror, after what my hand has done: Purge the world of such a monster as I am. This is the greatest and only favor you can show to a son so guilty as I am. — No, no, my dear Shams al-Din, replied the king, embracing him afresh, my death is not owing to any guilt of yours; what is written upon the table of light can never be avoided. Live, I command you, and assemble this moment my wazirs and all the emirs of Astrakhan: I will in their presence acknowledge you for my son and for my successor. Shams al-Din having a thorough sense of the goodness of the king his father, embraced his knees with respect, and made but very little haste to execute his orders; but the Sultana Dugmi having immediately sent out his commands by the twelve black slaves, the king's chamber was soon filled with the principal persons of the court.

That prince was laid upon his sofa. The angel of death is not far from me, says he to them, and I find I shall quickly sleep under the wing of the mercy of the Almighty. Behold, wazirs, continued he with a feeble voice; behold your master, showing them the young Shams al-Din; this is my son by the Sultana Dugmi; I command you to look upon him as your king.

The wazirs and emirs were mightily astonished at the approaching death of Al-Salah; they were likewise ignorant that the king had ever had a son; but the sultana having in a few words related to them the history of the young tailor, they all prostrated themselves with their faces to the ground, and swore by their heads to obey him till death. This ceremony was hardly over, when the king made the sultana, Sutchumi, and Zabd al-Katon draw near to his sofa:

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My dear Dugmi, said he to the first, I am too sensible of the injustice I did your charms in loving the beauteous Zabd al-Katon, who never rewarded my passion with anything but ingratitude; you did not deserve this infidelity from me: I die with extreme regret for having broken the oaths I so often made to be always yours. — Ah, my lord, replied Dugmi, shedding plenteous tears, whatever tenderness I felt for your Majesty I never wished to control you in your pleasures. I loved you, my lord, for yourself; and you never knew me behold with an eye of envy your new affection for Zabd al-Katon. Whatever grief the loss of your heart was to me, your being contented was enough to keep me from murmuring at your sovereign will. The king's love for the sultana redoubled at this moment. He embraced her tenderly. I will give you a proof, my dear Dugmi, said he, of the truth of what I say; the charming Zabd al-Katon no longer touches me: and to give an undoubted mark of it, I conjure her in your presence to give her hand to the prince, my son. As for Sutchumi, the wazir Ibn-Bukr — The king of Astrakhan could not any further explain his pleasure with regard to his daughter. He died in the arms of the sultana with these last words in his mouth.

It is impossible to paint the despair of Shams al-Din. They had much ado to keep him from attempting his own life. His mother, his sister, and Zabd al-Katon did not leave him a moment; the last particularly, being delivered from a king whose troublesome though respectful love had more than once made her tremble, used all her endeavors to dispel Shams al-Din's sorrow. But insensible to all the honors that were done to him, he fell into so profound a melancholy, that his life was feared. Public prayers were ordered in the Mosques of Astrakhan. They in some measure appeased the wrath of the great Prophet against the new king. He found his mind more at peace in a few months; and after having nobly rewarded the tailor and his wife for

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the kindness they had always shown him, he married Sutchumi to the wazir Ibn-Bukr, which was what he thought the king his father meant by his last words, and publicly espoused Zabd al-Katon himself. The prince spent nearly five months with his wife in the most perfect felicity. The days in her company seemed no more than moments; but this happiness was all of a sudden interrupted by frightful dreams, which continually represented to his thoughts his bleeding father. Zabd al-Katon to no purpose endeavored by the most endearing behavior to efface from her husband's mind the dark ideas with which it was filled. He was incessantly torn with remorse for the murder he had committed, and could think of no other way to put an end to it than by taking a journey to Meccah. Zabd al-Katon, unwilling to part with the king, begged that he would permit her to go with him; Shams al-Din, being unable to refuse her that satisfaction, left his brother-in-law, the wazir Ibn-Bukr, regent in his absence, recommended his mother and sister to his care in the strongest terms, and set out from Astrakhan.

After a tedious journey, in which the king and his wife underwent a thousand fatigues, they at length arrived at Meccah. There Shams al-Din walked seven times round the temple; and after having purified himself with the water of the well called Zemzem, he went in the evening to Mount Arafat, where he caused two hundred sheep to be slain, which he distributed among the poor. From thence he took the road to Al-Madinah, and performed his devotion in the most holy Mosque: and afterwards, having offered a present of forty thousand pieces of gold, as he had done at Meccah, he joined the Caravan and travelled towards Grand Cairo, where they arrived without meeting with any accident. Shams al-Din no longer felt the cruel agitations which so often interrupted his slumbers. He began to enjoy an undisturbed happiness, and prepared to begin his journey towards his

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own kingdom, when the beauteous Zabd al-Katon was attacked with a violent fever. This unlucky accident hindered him from setting out with the Caravan, which could not defer its journey; but he soon had just reason to be alarmed, when the distemper of his beloved wife increased to such a degree, that her life was despaired of. The princess was almost two days insensible, and recovered for some moments the use of her speech only to pierce Shams al-Din's heart with the most cruel affliction. I must leave you, my dear husband, said she to him, embracing him with extreme tenderness, and I conceive beforehand all the horror of such a separation; but you must be patient under the loss of me. You are decreed for still greater misfortunes. This warning I give you from the great Prophet, who appeared to me some hours ago. It is good, said he to me, that princes should suffer some trials. Adversity purifies their virtue, and they govern the better for it. Shams al-Din shall quickly be convinced of this truth: Bid him from me begin to prepare for it. This, continued Zabd al-Katon, pouring forth tears in abundance, this is the message I have to deliver to you: Summon up all your reason, that you may not murmur at the orders of Providence — Adieu, my dear Shams — The princess had not time to conclude; the angel which waited for her soul cut short her speech.

Never was despair equal to that of the king of Astrakhan. He could not be removed from the body of his spouse. He was inconsolable for the loss of her, and knew no other remedy than immediately to have a large box made, of cinnamon wood, open only at the top towards the head; in this he put the body of Zabd al-Katon, and adorned it with a great number of jewels; then with his guard, which was about five hundred men, he endeavored to overtake the Caravan, which was gone but some days' journey before him, intending, as soon as he should come up with it, to have the corpse of his dear wife embalmed. The prince had not been

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two days upon his march, when he was surrounded by almost two thousand Badawin. He made an incredible resistance; but all his followers being cut in pieces, without excepting one, he himself fell among the number of the dead. The Badawin, after their victory, fell to stripping their enemies. They took everything they could find, and did not forget the bier adorned with jewels, in which was the body of Zabd al-Katon. Shams al-Din, who defended himself like a lion, had, however, received never a wound that was mortal; and it was not so much the quantity of blood he had lost, as his being quite tired out, that was the occasion of his falling among the dead. When he had recovered his senses, he was surprised to find himself alone, and in the midst of his men, among whom there was not one that had the least sign of life. What a sad spectacle was this for the king! He got up as well as he was able, and not forgetting his dear spouse, he ran all over the field of battle, to see if the robbers, after having taken away the jewels, might not have left the box in which was the corpse of Zabd al-Katon. His search was all in vain; he almost died with grief at this new loss. But at length, leaving a place which had been so fatal to him, after having travelled an hour without knowing whither he went, he came near to a little village, entering into which he met an Imam, who at first was frightened to see a man quite naked, and all covered with blood; but Shams al-Din having, without making himself known to him, informed him that he was the only one of his company that had escaped the cruelty of the Badawin, the Imam took pity on him, carried him home to his house, and cured his wounds; and having afterwards given him some pieces of money, the prince with them betook the way to his own kingdom.

After a long and painful journey, in which Shams al-Din travelled sometimes alone, and sometimes with little caravans, which assisted him in his necessities, he at length reached a vast champaign country which was about half a

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league from Astrakhan. There he spied a nephew of the wazir his brother-in-law, with a pretty numerous train; and running to him with open arms, Receive, said he, my dear Zamin, receive the unhappy Shams al-Din, oppressed with the most cruel misfortunes, and who for almost three years has been exposed to such miseries as would strike you with horror but to hear them. Zamin was surprised at the sight of his king; though the fatigues of the journey, the hardships he had undergone, and the meanness of his habit had altered him extremely, yet he could not help knowing him again. He prostrated himself before him with all the appearances of the sincerest respect; and taking off his own robe, he covered the prince with it, and conducted him to the palace through the most private streets; but what was the amazement of Shams al-Din at his entrance there, to see himself loaded with chains by the same Zamin, who had but now been loading him with compliments! Then he learnt, to his inexpressible grief, that his cruel brother-in-law Ibn Bukr, after having himself strangled his wife and the sultana Dugmi, had seized the kingdom, massacred all his faithful subjects, and those who opposed his usurpation; and that he himself must shortly expect the same fate. Shams al-Din grew motionless at this news. At first he gave himself up to fury and rage; but presently calling to mind the last words of Zabd al-Katon, he resigned himself that moment to the Will of the Almighty. God, said he, is great, He is just: I am not yet sufficiently punished for my crimes; but what had my mother and sister done to come to so tragical an end? Their death, I hope, will not be long unpunished. The prince had not ended these words, when the usurper, followed by four ruffians, entered the room. His presence startled Shams al-Din. Ah, barbarous wazir, cried he, the moment he saw him, art thou come to fill up the measure of thy guilt? Cannot the blood of thy wife and of my mother, which already rises up against thee,

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assuage thy fury? Behold my head; strike! But remember the day will come when I shall accuse thee of these enormous crimes before the tribunal of the Great God; and that when the angels shall give testimony of the truth, all this mighty power of thine, beneath which my subjects groan and tremble, shall not then preserve thee from being condemned, and severely punished for thy execrable parricide.

These sharp reproaches quite confounded the usurper; he had not strength enough now to command the death of his lawful king; his menaces terrified him; he thought he already saw the hand of God lifted over his head. He contented himself with putting Shams al-Din out of a condition ever to re-ascend the throne; he caused a red-hot iron to be rubbed over his eyes, which deprived him of sight, and he afterwards sent him into a deep dungeon. There was not a day passed wherein the king of Astrakhan, though oppressed with miseries, and delivered up to the most bitter affliction, did not pay respect to the decrees of Providence, and return thanks to God for having punished him so gently for his crimes: but one night, when grief had for some moments given way to sleep, he thought he saw in a dream the great Prophet, with Zabd al-Katon in his hand, assuring him of the change in his condition, and promising he should one day enjoy a perfect happiness with his spouse. Shams al-Din started up and waked; but this dream seemed to him so extraordinary, and to have so little foundation, that he gave very little heed to it. It even added to his sorrow; but yet it was not long before he felt the effects of one part of this prediction.

One morning, as the prince was performing his devotions prostrate upon the earth, he heard the doors of his prison open with a great noise. Imagining that somebody was going to dispatch him, he did not alter his posture but waited the blow with intrepidity, when two of his former wazirs, whose zeal and virtue were sufficiently known to

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him, threw themselves at his feet. My lord, said one of them, embracing his knees, do you not remember the voices of Mutamhid and Kubirgh, your faithful slaves? The ungrateful wazir, on whom you heaped so many favors, together with the traitor Zamin, have just now met with their deaths by our hands. The people, tired out with his cruelties, rejoice exceedingly at his death. They knew nothing of your return, which we took care to inform them of; having pretended to be of Ibn Bukr's party only that we might in time be able to push him from the throne he had so basely and cruelly usurped. Come then, my lord, and once more fill it; since all your subjects call for their lawful sovereign with the utmost impatience. Shams al-Din praised God, and thanked the wazirs for their zeal. But how, my wise friends, said he, would you have me remount my throne? Is such an unhappy prince as I in a condition to govern you? No, no, wazirs, choose from among you a man that may be more capable of such a charge, and leave me to mourn in secret for all my misfortunes. — Ah! my lord, replied Mutamhid, your contempt of greatness is a sure sign that none is more worthy to govern than yourself. We conjure you not to reject our entreaties; we are ready to sacrifice our lives and fortunes to defend you upon a throne which you have already so worthily filled. The king of Astrakhan, moved by these words, which showed so much affection and loyalty, put himself into the hands of his two wazirs: they conducted him to the baths of the palace; and after having clothed him in a robe of state, presented him to the people, who testified by a thousand shouts of joy how impatient they had been to see him again upon the throne of his ancestors.

Whatever satisfaction Shams al-Din took in hearing the love his subjects had for him, he continually wept in secret for the loss of his dear Zabd al-Katon, and for the privation of his sight. In vain the most skilful physicians and

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surgeons in Astrakhan tried all their art upon him. They agreed, at last, that there were not the least hopes that he would ever see again the light of the sun. There was one of them only who told the king he remembered he had formerly read in an old Arabian manuscript that there was in the island of Sarandib a bird which might restore him to sight; but that besides the difficulties there were in finding and coming near it, he would not warrant the manuscript to be infallible. The bird, continued the physician, is upon the top of a very high tree, all the leaves of which are as hard as iron, and as sharp as razors. Some woman must, in order to restore to sight her blind husband, undertake to climb up this tree from branch to branch; if her affection for her husband has never suffered any alteration, the leaves will soften to her touch, and she will easily climb to the top, and draw in a golden vessel which hangs at the bird's neck a liquor as white as milk, which distils perpetually from its bill. This liquor the Arabian manuscript affirms to be sovereign for restoring sight to those who have been deprived of it by any accident whatsoever, nay, even to those who have been born blind. After having received this divine liquor, she shall come down from the tree as easily as she climbed up; but if the woman who ventures to fetch this marvellous juice, has ever had the least thought contrary to the purity of marriage, or has ceased one moment to have an entire love for her husband, she must expect nothing from her rash enterprise but certain death. The leaves indeed will grow soft to let her climb to the top of the tree; but when she is to come down they will resume their edge, and the woman, falling from bough to bough, shall be hacked into a thousand pieces. I believe, my lord, continued Abu Bakr, that this tree, if it is certainly in being, is still a virgin and untouched; and that no woman hitherto has offered herself to fetch a liquor, which is to be acquired with so much trouble and danger.

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Shams al-Din listened to this story with admiration. It is not impossible, said he, that such a woman may be found in this city, though such women are but very rare; we must try if we cannot find out so great a treasure. The wives of all the blind men in Astrakhan were brought before the king; Abu Bakr in his presence declared to them what was to be done, and Shams al-Din promised an unbounded reward to her who could by this means restore him to sight: but there was not one of them durst venture to climb the tree; the conditions were a little too delicate, and death too certain; they all in general refused to undergo so dreadful a probation. The other physicians of Astrakhan made a wonderful jest of the king's credulity. This new kind of remedy, said they, is an invention of Abu Bakr's, who would fain set up for a man of prodigious learning; he is mightily set upon miracles, and always distinguishes himself by some new and particular opinion. These words came to Abu Bakr's ears; they touched him to the quick. Shall my zeal for the king, said he, to his wife and son, be turned into ridicule? Well, I myself will undertake a journey to Sarandib, to see if what the manuscript report be true; if, notwithstanding all my wishes, I do not succeed in my enterprise, at least I shall have the consolation of having done more for my prince than all the other physicians of Astrakhan put together. Nothing could divert Abu Bakr from his resolution; the length and difficulties of the voyage did not at all dishearten him. He presented himself the next day before the king, and informed him of his design. That prince highly commended so noble an undertaking. He gave him everything that was necessary for so tedious a voyage; and promised him, in case he died by the way, to take particular care of his wife, and of his only son, whom he loved entirely. My lord, said the physician, taking leave of Shams al-Din, if I do not return in three years, you may believe that death, or some strange accident which I cannot foresee, has obstructed

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the ardent desire I have to restore you to sight; but a certain confidence which I have in the Arabian manuscript, makes me hope my voyage will not be fruitless. At length Abu Bakr set out for Sarandib; and it was not without very great envy that the other physicians saw the king so biassed in his favor.

Shams al-Din, in the flower of his age, and blind as he was, governed his subjects with admirable prudence. Shut up in the recesses of his palace, he was incessantly thinking of the means to make them happy; and laid it down to himself as an unalterable law till the return of the physician Abu Bakr, to appear in public but one hour every day, which hour he divided into four parts. During the first he went to the great Mosque of Astrakhan to pray; the second, third, and sometimes part of the fourth, were destined for doing acts of charity, and receiving the complaints of private persons against the public officers, either by word of mouth or in writing. Afterwards he commanded Mutamhid and Kubirgh, the two wazirs upon whom he relied in most of his affairs, to punish or to turn out those officers if they deserved it; and he distributed justice with so much equity and discretion, that his sentences were looked upon as so many oracles. As for what remained of the last quarter of an hour, he spent it in the conversation of learned men. This was the only diversion that prince enjoyed all the day, and as he liked their company, he gave them marks of his liberality. The honor of diverting the king, who generally seemed sunk in melancholy, more than the view of interest, animated his subjects to find out persons who might dissipate his sorrows by telling him some extraordinary story. If a famous traveller arrived at Astrakhan, he was immediately carried to Shams al-Din; and when the inhabitants themselves knew any singular adventure, they presented themselves before their prince, that they might have the pleasure of contributing to his entertainment.

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It was now two years since Abu Bakr had been gone to the island of Sarandib, and since the king, exactly observing the rule he had prescribed to himself, had never failed to allot some moments every day to those amusements, when the two favorite wazirs discussing together about the motive of Abu Bakr's voyage — If that physician prove a cheat, said one of them, or should not return to Astrakhan, we shall be very much at a loss to procure the king fit persons to talk to him. He has committed that charge to our care; and though a quarter of an hour is quickly past, yet as it is to be renewed daily, I am afraid that at last we shall not be able to find anything new. — That would be a pity indeed, replied the other wazir; the king has now contracted a pleasing habit of hearing some story or other every day; it is almost the only satisfaction of his life, for in the manner this wise prince conducts himself, he enjoys no delight of royalty but that of laboring incessantly for the good of his subjects. One of the physicians of Astrakhan was present at the conversation; he thought this a fair opportunity of gratifying the envy which he and all his brethren had conceived against Abu Bakr. My lords, said he to the wazirs, all men of sense are of your opinion; and you will infallibly fall into the inconvenience you already apprehend. I know but one remedy against it; Abu Bakr's son, deriding the perplexity he foresees you will soon be in, boasted yesterday in my hearing that he himself was able, if he had a mind to it, to find diversion for the king till his father's return. It is true this young man has a good deal of learning, and ever since he was ten years old has applied himself with great eagerness to read all manner of books; but notwithstanding the prodigious memory he is said to be endowed with, I very much doubt whether he could succeed in so difficult an undertaking.

Kubirgh only laughed at the presumption of Abu Bakr's son; but Mutamhid falling into a violent passion — Indeed,

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said he, it well becomes this insolent young man to jest so unseasonably! Well, since he talks at this rate, he shall keep his word; and his head shall be answerable for the success of an enterprise he is so vain as to pretend to. He that moment ordered somebody to fetch Ibn Aridun, which was the name of Abu Bakr's son. This physician, said he to him when he had come, assures me that you have the boldness to make a jest of the perplexity Kubirgh and I may one day be in to provide his Majesty new subjects for recreation, and that you boast that you yourself could find him diversion till your father's return. Since you are so rash as to talk thus, I command you to look that you do so, continued Mutamhid, with a voice that might make Ibn Aridun tremble; I will be present at all your conversations; and I forewarn you that if the prince grow weary of your discourse, and bid me bring him another, thou shalt that moment lose thy head. Ibn Aridun was strangely surprised at this order. He perceived so much anger in the wazir's eyes that he durst not deny his having been guilty of that vanity; he confided in his reading, and in the happy memory nature had given him, and throwing himself at Mutamhid's feet — My lord, said he, waiving whatever I might urge for my justification, the honor of diverting the king is so coveted by me, that I will not refuse to obey your sovereign commands; though it cost me my life, I am ready to appear before the throne of Shams al-Din. The perfidious physician, who had stayed by the wazir to be witness of what passed, was a little astonished at Ibn Aridun's answer, yet he made not the least doubt of his destruction. A young man, at most but five-and-twenty years old, said he to himself, can never have gathered stock enough to succeed in such an undertaking. He presently ran to inform his companions, who all felt a malicious joy at it, and tasted beforehand the pleasure of seeing themselves revenged upon Abu Bakr in the person of his son.

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The wazir Mutamhid, pleased with the submission and modesty of Ibn Aridun, dropped all his anger: As your death is unavoidable, says he, if you do not fulfil your promise, so your reward, on the other hand, is no less certain, if you succeed in your design. Every time you leave the king, I will give you an hundred pieces of gold; I will have you eat at my table; you shall be served like me, and there shall be no other difference beween us, but that you shall be narrowly watched. — My lord, replied Ibn Aridun, it is not the hopes of recompense, or your noble promises, that will prompt me to do my duty: the philosophy I make profession of has taught me to despise riches. Honor and glory are the only motives by which I am actuated; and if what you now require of me were contrary to their dictates, you should see me embrace the most cruel death rather than obey you; but as there is nothing that is not extremely honorable in the command you impose upon me, you may put me to the trial when you please; I shall endeavor to confound the artifices of my enemies, and I hope my prince will be satisfied with me. Mutamhid was charmed with the prudent behavior of Ibn Aridun; he then perceived the malice of the old physician, and that the young man was innocent of what was laid to his charge; but since he offered himself as it were voluntarily to try to divert his prince, he presented him to him the next day.

As soon as Ibn Aridun came within sight of the throne of Shams al-Din, he prostrated himself with his face to the earth. He afterwards arose, and addressing his speech to the king: May the Mercy of the Almighty be displayed upon your Majesty, said he; may the Angel that is one day to present you before his throne, forget no one good action of your life; and may you forever enjoy the perfect felicity which our great Prophet has promised to those who exactly follow his laws! My name is Ibn Aridun, the son of Abu Bakr, who has been gone two years or thereabouts to the

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before, were now changed into a rose-color; and though her features were not in the least altered, her beauty was increased to such a degree, that the king himself, who, justly alarmed at the danger of his spouse, had followed her with extreme swiftness, could scarcely know her again. He and all his train were in a surprise not to be imagined. The extraordinary death of Riza's horse, her rose-colored habit, and her additional beauty, all these brought about in a moment, the author of so many wonders not appearing, for the jinnis had not made themselves visible, — all these, I say, happened so unaccountably, that the king and queen were almost ready to doubt of a truth, which their eyes could not but testify. After having returned to Tuluphan, and retired into their chamber by themselves, they were still, with admiration, discoursing of the prodigy they had seen, when they were seized with fear and respect at the sight of a venerable old man who of a sudden appeared before them, without their perceiving how he got in. Be not afraid, my children, said he to them kindly; I am Geoncha, king of the jinnis. It is I, that after having preserved the charming Riza from the danger into which Zalulu, who has made himself famous upon earth by a thousand malicious actions, had thrown her by frightening her horse; it is I, continued he, who had resolved that none of her sex should surpass her in beauty. But I do not stint my favors in so narrow a compass: I intend likewise to put an end to her barrenness; in nine months from this day she shall bring forth a daughter as beautiful as herself.

The king of the jinnis, continued Ibn Aridun, had no sooner spoken these words, than he disappeared, leaving the king and queen of Tuluphan in an ecstasy of joy at so pleasing an expectation. However incredulous they had been till then, they soon ceased to be so; Riza, who during seven years' marriage had never had the pleasing satisfaction of being a mother, quickly felt the effects of Geoncha's

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promises. At the end of nine months exactly, she was brought to bed of a daughter, completely beautiful, whom she named Gul-hindi. This little princess no sooner enjoyed the light, than the same jinni appeared again in the chamber where Riza and Mochzadin were together. I come with inexpressible pleasure, said he, to put the last hand to so charming a work, and to inform you of the destiny that is prepared for her. I assisted yesterday at the birth of a son of the king of Ormuz, whom I named Sharif al-Din: I find so much resemblance and sympathy between him and this lovely princess, that I have resolved to unite them one day by the most holy ties; but I foresee that the happiness they are to enjoy will be crossed by such misfortunes as will drive Gul-hindi to the very brink of death, if they know one another before they have attained the age of seventeen years. It must be your care, my lord, continued the jinni, addressing his speech to Mochzadin, to keep the princess from seeing any stranger, till she is past the fatal moment which the stars have discovered will be so dangerous to her. This is the only remedy I can think of, unless you will put her into my hands; for then I will warrant her free from all the caprices of fortune. Mochzadin and Riza were surprised at Geoncha's words: but though they gave entire credit to his prediction, they were not able to consent to part with a child they had so many years longed for. They begged the jinni very earnestly not to be offended if they kept the little Gul-hindi with themselves; and assured him they would take so much care of her that she would be in no manner of danger from the prince Sharif al-Din.— So be it then, replied the jinni; only remember, when the princess is ten years old to keep her from the sight of all the world. The nearer she approaches her sixteenth year, the greater danger she will be in. Then having taken her in his arms, he enriched her with all the fine qualities that could make a person of her sex accomplished; and after

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having received a thousand thanks from the king and queen, he departed like a flash of lightning.

Scarce, my lord, continued Ibn Aridun, did the malignant Zalulu, who could not come to an agreement with Geoncha in their last conference, know what he had done for Gul-hindi and Sharif al-Din, than he resolved to gratify his malicious temper by crossing the felicity of these two lovely infants. He repaired in the night to the palace of the king of Ormuz, stole away the little prince, carried him to Tuluphan, dressed him in Gul-hindi's clothes, and covering that little princess with those of Sharif al-Din, placed her a moment after in the cradle from which he had taken the prince of Ormuz. We may easily conceive the surprise the two nurses were in.

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Ibn Aridun was interrupted here by a black slave, who came every day to tell the king of Astrakhan that his hour was out. As soon as this slave appeared, Shams al-Din arose to return to his palace. He who had the honor to entertain him, gave over speaking, and resumed his discourse the next day, if he had not finished his story; if he had, there was brought to the king another, who told him some adventure he had not yet heard. Thus **The Thousand and One Quarters of an Hour** are divided in the original Arabic; but it is thought best to leave out all that follows and precedes Ibn Aridun's narration, being persuaded that the reader will read these stories with more pleasure than if they were interrupted by continual repetitions, which it would be almost impossible not to be guilty of.

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The two nurses were strangely surprised in the morning to find each her child so different from what it was the night before. They looked upon them with unparalleled amazement, when Zalulu appearing to each of them in the shape of a frightful dwarf, threatened to wring their necks if ever

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they divulged the metamorphosis that had happened; and departed, after having assured them, that if before those children had attained the age of seventeen years the secret was found out in any manner whatsoever, they would fall into his power, without any possibility of ever getting out of it. The poor women were so terrified, that they resolved to keep the strictest silence. Their lives depended upon it; and the jinni had so intimidated them, that they would have suffered any torment rather than have revealed the secret. Sharif al-Din then was brought up at the court of king Mochzadin by the name of Gul-hindi; and that princess, under the habit of the prince of Persia, rendered herself in a little time so perfect at the exercises of the body, that when she was fifteen years old she surpassed all the subjects of the king of Ormuz in those accomplishments.

The education of the young prince was not very agreeable to his sex; that which he seemed to be of, engaged him in quite different occupations. He generally amused himself by embroidery; and being, according to Geoncha's order, shut up from the age of ten years in Mochzadin's palace, which was grown inaccessible to everybody but the king of Tuluphan, he never left off work but to hunt in the park, accompanied by his women and some of his eunuchs. His nurse, Marou, who never quitted him, seeing him approach to his sixteenth year, often recommended it to him to conceal his sex with the greatest care, since the repose of his whole life depended upon his so doing. But, said Sharif-al-Din to her with tears, why am I educated like a girl, and deprived of the learning and sciences which ought to be communicated to a prince of my rank? And what unjust motive can oblige the king and queen to let me languish thus in an idle inactive state of life?—These are things I am ignorant of, replied Marou; but, my dear prince, or rather my dear princess, for it is dangerous to call you by the first name, all I can assure you of is, that Mochzadin

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and Riza are more deceived in you than anybody. They believe you are a girl; they have been convinced of it by their own eyes; but things have had a strange alteration since that time. This is all I can tell you at present; you will know more hereafter: but I beg you not to expose yourself to the cruel miseries I have so often threatened you with, if you discover your sex till you are full seventeen years old.

The prince was surprised at this advice: the more he reflected with himself, the more he was confounded; he resolved therefore to follow the prudent counsels of his nurse; but in order to dissipate the uneasiness which preyed upon him, he went a-hunting as often as possible.

One evening as Mochzadin and Riza were conversing with their supposed daughter, the queen related to her, as she had often done before, the story of her birth, and the promises the king of the jinnis had made to unite her destiny with that of the son of the king of Ormuz. This story so often repeated perplexed the prince to the highest degree; he knew not what to fix upon, but at last resolved, let what would happen, to fly forever from a place where he spent a life so unworthy of himself. It was no easy thing to compass this design; all the gates of the palace were guarded by eunuchs not to be corrupted; but to execute the project he had formed, he chose the time of his hunting; and after having taken with him two purses full of gold and a good many jewels, being very well mounted he easily rode away from his company, and spurring directly to a door of the park which led into the wide country, he commanded the eunuch that guarded it to open it to him. The slave refused to obey him; but the prince having despatched him into the other world with one blow of his sabre, which he always wore when he went a-hunting, took the keys, and flying with incredible swiftness, chose the road which was least beaten, and travelled all that day and the following night without

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taking the least repose. The ladies and eunuchs belonging to the false princess made the strictest search for her all over the park. After having in vain traversed every corner of it, they came at last to the door, which they found open; the dead body of the eunuch increased their surprise. They concluded that some unfortunate accident had happened to Gul-hindi. Nobody cared to inform the king and queen of this mournful news; yet it was not to be avoided but they should know it. They almost died with grief when they heard it. O Heaven! cried the queen, tearing her hair and face, why did not we take the advice of the wise Geoncha? We should not now have been thus oppressed with the bitterest affliction: Gul-hindi is undoubtedly stolen away; the jinni too rightly predicted this mischance. Pray Heaven my dear daughter do not feel the consequences of it!

While the king and queen wasted their time in vain complaints and fruitless reflections, the prince continued his flight. All the pursuit that was made after him was to no purpose; he rode as hard as his horse could carry him and did not stop till he fell dead under him. He was now forced to travel a-foot in very great perplexity, when there passed by him a young Tartarian. The prince accosted him. Do you know anybody, said he, that could sell me a horse? — You could not have addressed yourself more luckily, madam, replied the young man, deceived by Sharif al-Din's female habit; my father, who lives but a little way off, has no inconsiderable dealings that way. The prince followed him, furnished himself with a good horse, and after having taken a few hours' rest, renewed his journey, travelled several days almost without stopping a moment, and at last arrived at a seaport, where he found a vessel just ready to set sail for Surat. The master of the ship was a man of a good aspect, about forty years old. He received the prince with abundance of respect, as a young lady of quality going to the

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Indies to take possession of a very considerable estate left her by her father, and whose mother died suddenly at hearing the news of her husband's death: he made her an offer of his own table, which Sharif al-Din accepted the more willingly, because having embarked very hastily he had not had time to make any provision. The repast was served up with great delicacy; but at the conclusion of it, he was very much surprised to see a lady of extreme beauty enter the cabin, and address these words to the master of the ship: Remember, Sinadab, that God has given us a father and a mother, that we should obey them; it is God that speaks to us through their mouth: Woe to him that despises them and does not submit to their commands with respect and duty. Sinadab at these words rose from table; the tears ran down his eyes; he afterwards prostrated himself on the ground, remained some time in that posture, and then rising with the marks of the deepest sorrow engraved upon his face: Beauteous Rukia, said he to the lady, I shall never forget these wholesome counsels. My past misfortunes have sufficiently imprinted them in my memory; but do you continue nevertheless to put me in mind of them daily, as you have been used to do.

The prince Sharif al-Din looked upon Sinadab with wonder: he perceived it. You will no longer be surprised, madam, said he, when I have told you the occasion of this ceremony, and why this lady at all my meals repeats to me the words you have just now heard. Sharif al-Din having testified a great desire to know the story, thus, my lord, continued Ibn Aridun, Sinadab related it to him:

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STORY OF SINADAB, THE SON OF SAZAN THE PHYSICIAN

My father, whose name was Sazan, was a physician at Suez. He exercised that profession with a good deal of honor for a considerable time. He had no child but me, and therefore spared no cost in my education. I was almost twenty years old, when he would fain have persuaded me to embrace his profession; but besides that I found myself extremely averse to it, as he was esteemed a very rich man I thought I had no occasion to qualify myself to get a livelihood. I imagined that the estate he was to leave me would be more than enough to maintain me in luxury and pleasure, without my giving myself the least pain or trouble. My father's remonstrances could not dissuade me from my resolution. This disturbed him so much that he fell sick; and after having kept his bed five or six months, died. Before his last groan, he called me to him: My son, said he, since in my lifetime I never received any comfort from you, give me at least so much satisfaction at my death as to promise me that you will punctually follow three articles of advice, which I foresee will be extremely useful to you. Swear to me upon the Koran that they shall never be out of your memory. I melted into tears, continued Sinadab; I took an oath to my father to execute his will; and this, madam, is what the good old man said to me, embracing me: I leave you wealth enough, and perhaps too much, to live like a man of honesty and honor: endeavor, my dear Sinadab, to keep it; but if by any accident, which I cannot foresee, you should happen to lose it, never attach yourself to a prince whose good character you are not thoroughly assured of. Be sure, whatever love you bear your wife, never to trust her with a secret wherein your life may be concerned; and, lastly, never adopt for your son a child that is none of your own.

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Scarce had my father made me swear a second time upon the Koran to obey him religiously in these three points, than he closed his eyes, and resigned his soul into the hands of the angel of death. I redoubled my tears at this mournful sight, and rendered him the last duties with all imaginable tenderness. Under his bed's-head I found the copy of a will which he had deposited with the Kadi. He gave me leave to dispose how I would of all his estate, excepting only a little garden which was without the gates of Suez, at the end whereof was a pretty neat summer-house, which he ordered me not to sell upon any account whatsoever. I paid little regard to this article, which seemed to me of no great consequence. I minded nothing but examining carefully what wealth he had left me. I found almost an hundred thousand dinars of gold, several diamonds perfectly rich, considerable inheritances, and very magnificent furniture. So soon as I could appear in public with decency, I called together my companions in my own house, to the number of eight. I presented each of them with a slave completely beautiful, and entertained them sumptuously for ten days together. In short, madam, continued Sinadab, not to weary you with a particular relation of all my follies and debaucheries, in which I plunged deeper and deeper every day, I shall only tell you that after having led this sort of life for almost two years, I found myself of a sudden without money. My comrades, who had never quitted me during my pleasures, advised me to dispose of my jewels and furniture; I sold them piece by piece, for half their value. I afterwards did the same by the houses my father had left me, reserving only the garden which it was not in my power to sell; and at length I was so reduced that I had nothing left but the clothes I had on, and one single hawk which I had trained up to flying.

When my friends saw me in these straits, they immediately deserted me. It was to no purpose my reproaching them

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for their ingratitude; they did but laugh at me; there was only one of them, who, taking pity of the condition I was in, gave me ten dinars. I had not eaten anything for two days together; so that I received this money as a present from heaven. Being now perfectly ashamed of myself, I went to the port of Suez, designing to embark in the first ship I could meet with. I found one that was just ready to depart for Adal; I had scarce time enough to make some slight provision for my voyage with the little money I was master of. I set forwards with nothing but my hawk; and we arrived at Adal without meeting with any accident. I had now remaining in my purse but three dinars of the ten which had been given me; I resolved to be a good husband of them, and to live upon the industry of my hawk. I had a very particular talent for training up those sorts of birds. Mine was very excellent at the sport: I had accustomed him not to kill his quarry; he only pecked out their eyes with two strokes of his bill, and I took them alive; so that I did not want for game to maintain myself and a poor old widow-woman that had taken me into her house. I had so much that I carried some every day to the king's purveyor, who paid me for it nobly; and who was so surprised at what I told him of my bird, that he informed the king of it. The prince, who was a great lover of sporting, sent for me; he told me he would see my hawk take a flight, and bade me be ready next day very early. I gladly obeyed, and the king was so charmed at the swiftness, dexterity, and obedience of my bird, that he asked me what I would take for it. —Sir, replied I, it is all that I have left of above two hundred thousand dinars which my father bequeathed me when he died; this poor hawk has maintained me ever since I have been in want; but since he has been so happy as to please your Majesty, I shall be overpaid for him by the honor I hope you will do me in accepting him.

The king of Adal, continued Sinadab, immediately ordered

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me twenty thousand dinars, lodged me in his palace, and conferred on me the place of his chief huntsman. In a word, madam, that prince had so much kindness for me, that in a little time I became his prime wazir and sole confidant. I went with him every day a-hunting, in which diversion he delighted exceedingly; and I seldom was from him but when he retired among his women. How unhappy should I be, my dear Sinadab, said he to me one day, if I should lose you! You share the sweetest moments of my life. — My lord, replied I, the favor of the great is too uncertain a bottom for a wise man to build upon. I am loaded to-day with your goodness; perhaps to-morrow I shall be loaded with chains by your command. — No, no, wazir, said he, fear nothing; I shall always love you. And to bind you more strictly to me, and that you may entirely forget your own country, you shall marry one of my sisters. I have three that are tolerably handsome; you shall see them this moment, but without their knowledge, and if your heart is not already engaged, she you like the best shall to-morrow be your wife. I threw myself at the king's feet, confounded with the honor he did me; he raised me up, and embracing me tenderly, made me go into his closet, placed me behind a great curtain of black gauze, and commanded the captain of his eunuchs to fetch the three princesses. The king's orders were executed in an instant; immediately afterwards there entered the closet three ladies of unparalleled beauty, brilliant as full moons. The king talked with them some time upon different matters; then having sent them back to their own apartments, he called me from behind the curtain where I stood. Well, my dear wazir, said he, which of my three sisters gave your heart the most emotion? — Ah! my lord, replied I, transported, those ladies are of such ravishing beauty that I could not decide in so little time. — Come, come, interrupted the king, one of the three did certainly please you more than the other two; own which it was; I

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give her to you freely, and I command you to discover your sentiments to me frankly. — My lord, replied I, since you absolutely lay your commands upon me, the youngest of the three princesses pierced my heart with the most irresistible charms; but notwithstanding your Majesty's unbounded goodness to your slave, my happiness would be incomplete if I did not obtain the princess by her own consent. — These sentiments are extremely delicate, replied the king, but I will give you this satisfaction too. Then he ordered the captain of the eunuchs to fetch Buzamghar; this, madam, was the princess's name; she immediately came. My dear Buzamghar, said the king, embracing her, I intend to marry you, but will not force your inclinations; the wazir Sinadab, to whom I just now purposed you for a wife, will owe your hand to nothing but your love. I leave you with him; examine your heart before you give me a positive answer, and assure yourself that, let your resolution be what it will, I shall not be in the least displeased at it.

The king of Adal upon this retired, and left the captain of the eunuchs at the door without. It would be to no purpose, madam, continued Sinadab, to repeat to you the conversation Buzamghar and I had together; she gave me to understand, by the tenderest expressions, that she would esteem it her greatest felicity to have me for her husband; and assured me more than once, that the obedience she owed to the king her brother had no share in the sentiments she so ingenuously discovered to me. Upon this I espoused her with all imaginable magnificence; and the city of Adal took part in my joy, for the king upon that occasion discharged the inhabitants from one-fourth of all their taxes. At the end of some months Buzamghar found herself with child. As I loved her tenderly, I was inexpressibly rejoiced at it; but my joy was of very short duration. She happened to fall, hurt herself very dangerously, and had like to die of a miscarriage. By the extraordinary care that was

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taken of her, she soon recovered a perfect state of health; but five years being passed without having any children, we consulted the skilfullest physicians in all Adal, who unanimously assured us the princess could never be a mother. This gave great uneasiness to Buzamghar, whom I adored, and who loved me with inconceivable tenderness. My lord, said she to me, one night, when we were alone together, since I am forever deprived of the sweet pleasure of giving you an heir, let us at least try to soften the rigor of our fortune by adopting little Rumi. This, madam, continued Sinadab, was the son of one of my slaves, and at four years old gave a prospect of all that could be hoped for in a child of that age. As I never knew how to contradict Buzamghar in anything, I willingly consented to this proposal, with the good liking of the king of Adal. I brought up Rumi like my own son, and neglected nothing that might make him accomplished. Rumi had now for ten years looked upon me as his father, and I had received all possible satisfaction from him, when one night as I was in bed with Buzamghar, and not able to sleep, my father's last words, and the oath he had made me take upon the Koran, came into my mind; but I only laughed at it. How these old folks dote! said I to myself. I have wasted all my substance; I have given myself to a prince whom I know nothing of; and am I any the worse for it? On the contrary, could I ever wish for a fortune more considerable, more solid, and more conspicuous, than that of being wazir and brother-in-law to a potent king, who places his whole delight in having me near him! I have adopted Rumi in spite of my father's command. What satisfaction do I receive from that child, who, at fifteen years of age, gives marks of so excellent a temper, and from whom I may one day expect all the acknowledgment and gratitude in the world! No, no, we should not be too servilely strict in obeying the wills of our fathers; when they have attained a certain age, they are so far from being able

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to direct others, that they are hardly in a condition to conduct themselves.

I went to sleep, madam, after having made these wise reflections: they came into my head again next morning. Here are two articles of my father's advice already neglected, said I to myself, and not the least misfortune has ensued: let us see if it will be the same with the third. After having studied some time, I hit upon the stratagem which I am going to tell you. Buzamghar had often murmured at the king of Adal, when he tore me from her arms to carry me a-hunting, from which I generally returned very much fatigued. Her complaints put me upon trying if my wife were capable of keeping a secret. I went to the perch where the king's hawks stood, I took down that which he most loved, unseen by anybody; I carried it to a pleasure-house at the end of a garden which I had out of the city, and gave it to a mute who was the keeper of it, with orders not to stir from thence till somebody came to him from me and showed him my ring. I then took the key of the garden, and double-locked the door, and carried the key to a friend, whose probity I was perfectly well assured of. If you hear that my life is in danger, said I to him, which I foresee may quickly happen, oblige me so far as to go to my garden, of which here is the key, show this ring to the mute that is keeper of it, and bring him to me with the depositum I just now entrusted him with; he will be serviceable in my justification. Then I returned home; and as I had always a pretty many hawks to teach, I took one that exactly resembled the king's, wrung off its neck, and carried it to my wife. Charming Buzamghar, said I, embracing her, behold a token of my tenderness; you have so often complained of the king of Adal, that I was resolved to cut away the root of the uneasiness he gives you. This hawk is the only cause, he it is that by being the sole delight of the king, deprives you of yours; I have killed him; but be sure you take heed not to reveal this secret. I

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am a dead man if the king should know of this my ingratitude to him; he would have but little regard to the motive that prevailed upon me to do it. Buzamghar at first seemed frightened at the danger I had brought upon myself; but presently afterwards, tenderly pressing my hand, My dear lord, said she, light of my life, if only you and I are acquainted with this secret, you may be sure you are safe, and that the most cruel torments shall never extort it from me. — So far then we are well, replied I; do you take and conceal the hawk with the utmost caution, while I go and make my court to the king. I left Buzamghar, to wait upon the king of Adal. He had already been informed that his hawk was not to be found. He appeared extremely uneasy at it. My lord, said I, I know but one way to recover your bird: have it published all over Adal how much you are disturbed at the loss, and promise a reward for finding it worthy the generosity of so great a monarch as you are.

The king took my advice; he had it cried at every street's end, that whoever should bring him tidings of his hawk, dead or alive, if it was a man, besides the confiscation of half the estate of him who committed the theft, he should make the informant one of the greatest men in the kingdom; and that if it was a woman, he would marry her to the wazir Giami, who was the handsomest man in all Adal, and who shared his favor with me. This proclamation was soon spread over the city. I thought it all in vain, relying upon the extraordinary love of Buzamghar, who for fifteen years had not let a day pass without giving me some fresh marks of it: but before sunset I was in the utmost surprise to see myself arrested on the part of the king, and thrown into a dark dungeon, where I spent the night.

Daylight had scarce begun to appear when I was carried before the king of Adal, whose fury was visible in his countenance. Perfidious wazir! said he to me, hast thou so soon forgotten the favors I have showered upon thee?

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What! without the least gratitude for the station which I have raised thee to, hast thou the cruelty to stab me in the tenderest part? — My lord, replied I, from the dust in which I grovelled, you took me, and placed me upon the throne of greatness; it is in your power to tumble me from it with a single blast of your breath: but give me leave to represent to you that I am entirely ignorant of the cause of your anger, and that the persons who accuse me to you are much less innocent than I am. — Ungrateful traitor! said the king, hast thou not killed my hawk? — I! my lord, replied I, in a seeming amazement; is it possible that I should rob my master of that only instrument of his delight, by which I had the happiness to please him? No, no, my lord, if this is all the reason of your anger, I am certain it will quickly fall upon another head. — Ah, villain! cried the king with fury, pulling out the dead hawk from under his robe, dost thou add this audaciousness to thy former crime? There, behold thy handiwork. — I was very much confounded at this sight. My lord, said I upon this, appearances are often false; but though I have nothing to upbraid myself with as to the death of your hawk, I beg you would tell me the name of my accuser. — Well, answered the king of Adal, I will grant thee this satisfaction too; it is Buzamghar, thy wife; darest thou object to such a witness? — A thunderbolt could not have fallen more heavy than this news did upon me; at that moment I called to mind my father's last words, and the remembrance almost sunk me to the earth. Just Heaven! cried I, Buzamghar my accuser! does she betray me? Was ever anything so black, so odious? Ah! my lord, continued I, I could, if I pleased, retort the whole guilt upon her; but though I am innocent towards you, I will not defend myself; I respect your blood; I deserve death, if you have not the goodness to bethink you of the promises your Majesty has made me in the warmest moments of your friendship. — No, no, replied the king of Adal, the more I have loved you, the

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more unpardonable is your crime. Do not hope for any mercy, but prepare yourself to lose your head. — In short, madam, continued Sinadab, notwithstanding all I could say to move that prince's heart, he turned his back upon me, and left me in the hands of his guards to be delivered to the executioner.

For fifteen years that I had been wazir, having never done anybody the least wrong or injustice, all men of probity were grieved to see me condemned to die for so small a matter; they endeavored in vain to obtain my pardon; the king was inexorable. My guards, who could not without tears behold my approaching death, offered to let me escape. No, said I to them, I thank you for your good will, but will not expose you to the king's displeasure for my safety. I am not guilty; I am able to justify myself when I see a fit time to do it. — The king commanded me to be beheaded, but to no purpose; the executioner absented himself from Adal that he might not do his office, and all those whom the king commissioned to do it refused; so that he was obliged to publish throughout the city, that whoever would accept the employment should have the other half of my estate, which he had not yet disposed of. Though this offer was very advantageous, nobody yet appeared to give me my death, when Rumi, my adopted son, went to Buzamghar. Madam, said he, without concerning myself whether Sinadab is guilty or no, his head is devoted to death, and I am in pain for him while he languishes in this manner by everybody's refusing to despatch him. Of his immense riches the one half is yours, as revealer of his crime; so that I am the only sufferer, since the king promises the other half to the man that shall execute Sinadab. I will offer myself to the king to do this service. I believe he, and Sinadab himself, will take it kindly at my hands; and I shall put an end to the course of a life which is certainly hateful to him, and get for myself the wealth which ought not by right to fall in the possession of strangers.

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Buzamghar, who it is likely had conceived a violent passion for the wazir Giami, from the description which I myself perhaps had given her of him, namely, that he was the handsomest man in all Adal, knew she could not marry him while I was alive; this was what made her so basely betray me. She approved the infamous resolution that Rumi had taken, carried him to the king, and colored over the action so artfully, that the prince, who thirsted for my blood, brought himself into my prison, and took a barbarous delight in showing me my executioner. I remained motionless at the sight of Rumi. In vain, with tears in my eyes, I upbraided him with his ingratitude; he had the hardness of heart to tie my hands, and would fain have persuaded me that I was obliged to him for his offering himself to despatch me. The king was present all the while at so mournful a sight, without being in the least concerned at it; my tears were not able to move him, and finding him inflexible: O Sazan, Sazan! cried I, why did not I follow your advice? These words, which he imagined had no sense in them, made him believe that the fear of death had put me beside my wits. What do you mean by these words, O Sazan, Sazan? said he; unfold this riddle to me. — My lord, replied I, they reproach me for disobeying my father, whose name was Sazan, in the only three things he recommended to me upon his death-bed; I must endure the punishment without murmuring. I have devoted myself to your Majesty's service without thoroughly knowing you; I have revealed a secret to my wife; and I have fostered in my breast a viper, which is now about to sting me to death. Notwithstanding all your promises, you deliver me up to punishment for the death of an hawk, which I am innocent of; Buzamghar, forgetting the inexpressible tenderness I have had for her these fifteen years, betrays me in the most perfidious manner; and Rumi, this boy, whom I have looked upon as my own son, seduced by sordid interest, offers him-

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self to be my executioner. O Sazan, Sazan! once more why did I not take your advice? The king and all his spectators grew stiff with horror at this relation, when I turned myself to Rumi. Strike, unworthy Rumi, strike, cried I; do not lengthen out the pain of the unhappy but innocent Sinadab, every moment of whose life ought to cover thee with shame and confusion.

Rumi, without being at all concerned at anything I could say to him, drew his sword, and prepared to cut off my head. Rumi, like an unnatural child, was just going to give the fatal blow, continued Sinadab, when the friend whom I had entrusted with the key of my garden, entered the prison with the king's hawk on his fist. My lord, said he, catching hold of Rumi's arm, which was not above two fingers'-breadth from my neck, behold the falsity of the accusation formed against Sinadab, and be convinced that this is your own hawk, by the mark you yourself placed upon one of its feet. The king of Adal was strangely surprised at the sight of the bird. The greatest confusion imaginable presently covered his face; he bent his eyes upon the earth, and fell into the profoundest thoughtfulness at what had happened. For my part, added Sinadab, however lucky my friend's arrival was for me, I was almost sorry for it. Life was become odious to me by reason of my wife's treachery, and the ingratitude of my adopted son. However, I threw myself at the king's feet: My lord, said I, lo! this miserable favorite, whom you had so often assured of eternal protection, was upon the point of losing his life unjustly. Upon this he raised me from the ground, and ordered me to explain the whole mystery to him; I did it in few words: he examined all the circumstances of what I told him, and perceiving his own fault and Buzamghar's baseness of soul, he immediately sent to seize her, had her brought before him, and having caused her to be tied back to back with Rumi, he commanded me to cut off their heads with the same

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sabre that had been designed to cut off mine. I refused to dip my hand in the blood that had been so dear to me: I even begged mercy for those two vile wretches; but I could not obtain it; one of the king's guards severed their heads from their shoulders.

The king, contented with this execution, which I could not see without shedding tears in abundance, embraced me tenderly, and carried me back with him to the palace. My lord, said I to him again, was I deceived when formerly I represented to you, that they who rely upon the favor of the great, build upon the sand; since the death of a vile creature, which you thought me the author of, could make you forget in a moment a friendship of fifteen years?— Forget this fault, wazir, said the king of Adal; I am ashamed of myself, and will make you ample amends; I will raise you to such a pitch of glory, that there shall for the future be no danger of your falling. — No, my lord, answered I, respectfully, give me leave to return to Suez, there to enjoy a quiet and peaceful life: this is the only favor that Sinadab now desires from you. The king strongly opposed this resolution, but I remained unshaken: nothing could persuade me to stay with him, and I set sail eight days afterwards in a ship which he gave me, and which I loaded with all my riches and furniture, and a great many jewels with which he presented me at my departure. This separation occasioned me some regret; but at length I steered towards Egypt, and we were almost in sight of port, when a dreadful tempest, after having tossed us about for three days and three nights together, swallowed up my ship at some leagues' distance from Suez. All the mariners perished: I was the only man that by help of a plank was saved from the shipwreck, and got safe to shore; but I had lost all my effects, and saw myself in a moment reduced to the lowest degree of misery and want.

Not knowing where to lay my head, I called to mind my

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father's will: I remembered that I was still master of a little garden and summer-house without the gates of Suez. I was curious to know if anybody had taken possession of it in my absence: I had been gone away above sixteen years. I found it in the same condition wherein I had left it, only that it seemed very much out of repair; I opened the door by means of a secret which my father had often shown me, and which nobody else was acquainted with: I found the walls all overgrown with moss, and the room very much in disorder; and as it was pretty late, and I extremely fatigued, I lay down upon an old rotten mat, where I slept till hunger waked me. I was master of no trade to get a livelihood by. Being unwilling to make myself known, I resolved to ask alms from door to door; for this purpose I went out of the garden; but I implored in vain the charity of the inhabitants of Suez; nobody assisted me in the present want I was reduced to; so that at night I returned to my little house, very hungry and weary with walking about all day. I sat down upon an old joint-stool that stood in a corner of the summer-house, and revolved in my mind all that my father had commanded me at his death, and which I had given so little heed to, when I cast my eyes upon a small coffer, almost rotten, which I had not yet seen: it was fast locked; I very hastily broke it open, thinking to find in it some money that my father might have put there; but I was very much surprised when I saw nothing in it but a rope about the bigness of one's little finger, and a note in my father's own handwriting, in these words: "You have not kept your word with me, Sinadab, though you swore upon the Koran to do so. Your ill management and disobedience have brought you to this condition; but if you have resolution to follow this last counsel, you will find an end of your misfortunes in this coffer." Yes, cried I with fury, yes, father, I will for this one time obey you; neither indeed have I now anything further to hope for, but to finish my unhappy days

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by this rope. Then, taking a desperate resolution, I got upon a joint-stool, and after having tied the rope into a slip knot, I fastened it to a sort of hook, which stuck in the ceiling of the summer-house, and which seemed to have been placed there for that very purpose; I put the noose about my neck, and kicking away the stool, abandoned myself without reluctance to the rigor of my destiny.

By this means, madam, I expected to have found a certain death, when the weight of my body pulling down the hook, brought along with it a sort of trap-door, through which fell so great a number of pieces of gold that I was covered with them. This happy discovery soon made me forget what little hurt I had received from my fall: I presently raised myself, climbed up through the trap-door, and was in an inexpressible amazement at finding there an immense quantity of riches, as well in gold as in diamonds. I thought I should have died with joy at this sight, which at once put an end to all my misfortunes. I took one of the pieces of gold, and having fast locked the garden door, went and provided myself with a good meal. Next day I distributed among the poor darwayshes a thousand pieces of gold, and having put myself in a condition to appear with honor in the city, I repurchased almost all my father's possessions; and that I may never forget the misfortunes into which I fell by my disobedience, I caused to be repeated to me at all meals the words you have just now heard, concerning the submission and respect due from children to their parents. It is almost five years, madam, continued Sinadab, since I returned to Suez; during all that time I have done my utmost endeavors to live like a man of virtue and of honor; my misfortunes have made me wise and frugal, and I spend my life agreeably with the beautiful Rukia, whom you saw immediately after dinner: of all my women she is the one in whom I have found most merit. She is of Surat; and having two sisters there whom she loves tenderly, and who are in narrow circumstances, I

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am going at her request to look them out, that I may carry them with me to Suez, where I mean to settle them.

When Sinadab, my lord, continued Ibn Aridun, had done speaking, prince Sharif al-Din let him know how glad he was to see him thus happy after the multitude of crosses he had gone through; and as the winds were very favorable, the ship was not long before it arrived at Surat. The prince, still in his woman's dress, there took his leave of Sinadab and of the charming Rukia, returning them a million of thanks for the civilities he had received from them, and after having rested himself for some time he took the way to China.

. . . . . .

This story has afforded me extraordinary delight, interrupted the king of Astrakhan, addressing himself to Ibn Aridun; I am wonderfully pleased with you, and I order Mutamhid to give you an hundred pieces of gold for every day that you contribute to relax my mind; but I am no less impatient now to know the fate of Gul-hindi and Sharif al-Din, than I have been these few days past to hear the sequel of Sinadab's adventures; since we have still some little time remaining, continue your history. Ibn Aridun, charmed with being so happy as to please his prince, went on thus:

CONTINUATION OF THE HISTORY OF SHARIF AL-DIN AND OF GUL-HINDI

SHARIF AL-DIN, my lord, still in a woman's habit, had travelled but a few days before he came to a delightful meadow. Arabia the Blest does not produce such variety of riches and grateful odors as nature displayed in this place. The earth was covered with a soft grass which seemed as if it never withered: neither the heats of summer nor the nipping blasts of winter ever faded the roses, jasmines, and violets,

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with which the country was adorned; and those flowers which charmed the eye by the diversity of their colors, did at the same time gratify the senses by the exquisite odor with which they embalmed the air. At the bottom of this meadow rose a kind of rock, in the form of a grotto, from the middle of which there ran a spring into a great basin of rustic marble. This water was so clear and beautiful that by its enticing murmur it invited the beholders to rest themselves on its sides, which were decked with a green turf; and a large tree, which grew close by it, stretched out its boughs, so thick of leaves that its shade was impenetrable to the rays of the hottest sun. Here the prince endeavored to enjoy for some moments the sweets of sleep, which the solitude and freshness of the place seemed to offer him. He tied his horse to a shrub, and extended himself upon the grass; but he was scarce fallen into a gentle slumber, when a frightful giant who had but one eye, and who lived near that charming place, whither he was sometimes used to resort to refresh himself, came thither. He was deceived by the dress of the young prince, whom he mistook for a woman of the most ravishing beauty; he became passionately enamoured of him, and prepared to carry him off; he had already untied his sabre and thrown it at some distance from him, and was just about to execute his design, when an arrow, which seemed to be shot by an invisible hand, flew directly into his eye, and put it out, by this means disabling him from satisfying his brutish passion. The prince was soon wakened by the bellowing the giant made at his wound; and looking about for his deliverer, he spied a young man so like himself, that he was at first in doubt if it were not his own shadow.

The stranger and the fictitious princess of Tuluphan admired one another for some time without speaking; but at length the last, breaking silence: I am indebted to you, sir, for the preservation of my honor and of my life, said he to

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him; I beg you would tell me to whom it is I owe an obligation which will be eternally present to my memory. The stranger for some time hesitated answering the prince, whom he thought a woman: but prevailed upon by a secret motive which he could not resist: To any other but you, madam, said he, I call myself Mobarak, son of a merchant at Ispahan, and I have left Persia out of a curiosity to travel; but a certain impulse, the cause of which I am ignorant, forces me not to dissemble with you, and to confess that I am the prince of Ormuz. I was flying from my father's court to avoid a match I am extremely averse to, when, passing by this place, I saw you come to the side of this spring. The parity of features there is between us, made me desirous to learn who you are; and I was just going to accost you with that design, when I saw you, very much fatigued, endeavor to take some little repose, which I was unwilling to disturb, and which you might still have enjoyed, had it not been for the insolence of that monster whom I have deprived of light. But, madam, continued he, permit me to tell you, that though the duty of a prince obliges me to give assistance to persons of your sex, yet there was something more which animated me when I undertook your defence. Forgive this rash confession, madam, nor let this declaration offend your modesty. An invisible obstacle opposes the felicity I might hope for in obtaining your love. I therefore only beg your friendship; but, madam, I beg it with all the earnestness imaginable, and shall love you with so much purity, that your virtue shall not have the least cause to be uneasy at it.

The feigned princess of Tuluphan was so surprised when the stranger informed him that he was the son of the king of Ormuz that a flush diffused itself all over his face. In this moment he made a thousand dreadful reflections upon what Riza had told him of that prince, and upon the impossibility there was in the execution of the will of the king of the jinnis; but these reflections being all destroyed at the sight of

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so charming a prince, for whom, in spite of himself, he already felt the most perfect esteem, he was just upon the point of discovering himself to him, when calling to mind the misfortunes which Marou had threatened him with, he resolved to be silent only upon the subject of his sex, but to have in everything else the same confidence for the prince of Persia, as he had had for him. My lord, said he to him, your actions are so respectful, and I am so much obliged to you, that I cannot be offended at the declaration you have made to me. You desire only my friendship, which is due to you without the least reserve. As for me, hunting was my only diversion, till some particular reasons, which I cannot reveal without exposing myself to the greatest miseries, made me leave my father's court. But though I had resolved to conceal my name from the whole world, by disguising myself under that of an Amir of Samarcand, I cannot help thinking it almost my duty to let you know, my lord, that I am the only daughter of the king of Tuluphan, and that my name is Gul-hindi. — Just heaven! cried the feigned prince, interrupting her, are you then that lovely Gul-hindi, whose beauty fame has published throughout the whole East? It is upon your account, madam, that I quit my father's court and betake myself to flight, for reasons which incessantly torment me; and it is you whom I now have met with! Ah! my princess, continued he, his eyes drowned in tears, and despair painted upon his face, why are we not born for one another? O ye sovereign arbiters of all things! You who see the bottom of my heart, what have I done to be thus tortured? And thou, perfidious love, why dost thou kindle in me so sharp a flame, when thou knowest how impossible it is that it should ever be quenched? Yes, my princess, I adore you, but I shall be obliged to fly from you. My father has lately sent ambassadors to king Mochzadin to demand you in marriage for me. The ancient friendship there is between these two monarchs inclines me to believe

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that the king of Tuluphan will not give a denial to the king of Ormuz. But, adorable Gul-hindi, I repeat it once more, let what will happen, and though the whole universe and our great Prophet himself should favor us, I can never be united to you, though I would spend the last drop of my blood to be in a condition to enjoy that happiness.

Prince, replied the pretended Gul-hindi, whom these words threw into an extreme amazement, I cannot penetrate the reasons that make you talk thus; but what perhaps would offend any other than myself, is the very thing that gives me a greater esteem for you. Be informed that I have no less cause than you to avoid the marriage that is preparing for me; and that what I have just now heard will detain me forever from my father's court. — Well then, fair princess, cried the disguised prince, let us fly together, and conceal under borrowed names from all the earth a prince and princess, whose loss I am sure will cost the kings of Tuluphan and of Ormuz abundance of tears. But, madam, continued he, since fate has been so cruel as to order it so that I can never be yours, I attest our great Prophet that I will never be another's. I will love you with all the purity imaginable, without the least hope, and I will never have any other object of my desires and of my glory than the charming Gul-hindi. How happy should I be if your sentiments were so conformable with mine, as that nothing but death should ever dissolve so complete an union! But I know not what I say: Pardon, madam, these indiscreet transports. What! because I cannot possess you, must I rob a prince, more happy than myself, of the masterpiece of nature? — Yes, my lord, replied the pretended Gul-hindi, blushing, I permit you to believe that what you propose is agreeable to me. Since the stars oppose our union, I will never engage my heart to any but the prince of Ormuz. Let us at least be joined by an inviolable friendship, though love has undertaken, through a barbarous caprice, to keep us asunder.

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In short, my lord, proceeded Ibn Aridun, these two lovers, miserable at not being acquainted with each other's condition, but happy in the sympathy there was between them and in the reciprocal tenderness with which Geoncha had inspired them, — these two lovers, I say, after a conversation extremely passionate, vowed to each other a friendship which should be proof against anything that could happen; and after having remounted their steeds, they left that charming meadow in company together. They had travelled several days without meeting with anything particular, when they perceived at the entrance of a forest of palm-trees a palace of an antique structure, but which seemed nevertheless magnificent in its simplicity. At the gate of the palace stood a venerable old man, who accosted them. My children, said he to them, with the greatest kindness, night draws on, there is neither town nor village in above six leagues hereabouts, nor any house where you can pass the night; if you will come into this palace you may repose yourselves in tranquillity, and pursue your journey to-morrow. The prince and princess, charmed with the humanity of their host, accepted his offer. They entered into the palace, where they found a woman about threescore years old, and of a simplicity equal to that of her husband. She strove to receive them in the best manner she was able, and soon afterwards there was brought in a very handsome repast, but without prodigality, though there was far from being a want of anything. Towards the conclusion of the supper, the old man sent the slaves that waited at table out of the room, and having desired his guests to tell him the motive of their journey, and for what reason they travelled in a track that was so far from the common road, Sharif al-Din took upon him to answer. Alas! sir, said he to the old man, I can give you that satisfaction in a few words. We are brother and sister, and are flying from Samarcand to avoid the persecution of a wazir, who, not satisfied with having cruelly put our father to death,

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and possessed himself of all his substance, pursues our lives with the same barbarity. — Ill men are very much to be dreaded, replied the old man, for sooner or later they perish miserably. I have had a melancholy experience of this truth in my own family; and it is but a few years since I have recovered the quiet of which two of my sons had robbed me by their crimes. — Gul-hindi was very much moved at the sight of the tears which a tender remembrance drew from the eyes of the good old man. Our grief is sometimes alleviated by telling the cause of it, said she to him; and if it is not too great a favor, we should be willing, sir, to hear the relation of your misfortunes. — With all my heart, my dear children, replied the old man. The tears you saw me shed were not altogether tears of sorrow; they rather express the joy I now feel in seeing all those misfortunes at an end. Listen to me therefore with attention: —

TALE OF BADUR THE PEACEFUL, KING OF CAOR

I WAS born the sovereign of Caor, a kingdom not very extensive, and my ambition never prompted me to enlarge it, being more desirous to live in unity with my neighbors, than to run the hazard of destruction, by undertaking unjust wars; for which reason I was called Badur the Peaceful. In my youth, I wedded the princess of Zarad, whom you here behold. She brought me several children, and among the rest a son and daughter, both born the same day. I named my son Abu Zaid, and my daughter Dijara: I mention these two first, though they were not my eldest, nay, were born to me even at the time when Zarad had no further hopes of being any more a mother; but because these have happily made amends for all the bitterness with which their brothers had dashed the tranquillity of my life. Of my other two

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sons, one was called Salak the Violent, because of the excesses he daily ran into. I cannot imagine from whom he derived that humor. In all probability Allah sent him to us, together with his brother, to make a trial of our virtue. The other was named Azim; his manners were not very different from those of Salak; and their joint inclination for evil united them so to each other, that they were never asunder. I every day received some fresh complaint of their ill behavior; and if they had been private persons, I should a thousand times have made them an example to my people, to whom they were become odious by their crimes. But the tenderness of a father stayed my hand. At length they grew so weary of my continual remonstrances, that they both resolved to be gone from my court; and I blessed the hour wherein they executed that design.

They had been gone above four months, and I began to think myself happy in being freed from their presence, when I was struck by the most cruel blow that it is possible for a father to feel. Guhullaru, the princess of Nangan, was lately married to Rusang-jahun. That prince was not young; but his agreeable complaisant temper made amends for the merit which age had deprived him of; and he lived with his wife in so perfect an union, that he was an example to all his subjects. Salak and his brother passed through the dominions of this monarch; they were received with a great deal of distinction. Rusang-jahun even lodged them in his own palace for several days; but his imprudence, in suffering them too often to see the beautiful Guhullaru, cost him his life. Salak became excessively enamoured of that princess. He was too well acquainted with her virtue to hope that she would ever reward his unlawful ardor: but being very little accustomed to overcome his passions, he resolved to gratify them at any cost; and to effect this, he hatched the blackest design that can be imagined, and prevailed upon his brother Azim to lend him a helping hand in the execution of it.

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One evening as they were walking with the king of Nangan and his spouse in a wood which was at the end of the gardens of the palace, they suddenly fell upon that prince, who had only a little sabre by his side: and their fury not giving him time to put himself in a posture of defence, they stabbed him twenty times with their daggers; and either out of contempt or cruelty, left the odious instruments of their guilt sticking in the bloody corpse of that unfortunate king.

Guhullaru uttered such cries as reached even to heaven; but those barbarians seized her, and having got out into the open fields by a door which they had secured, by means of the eunuch who guarded it, and whom they had corrupted, they used all their endeavors to set her upon one of their horses, which they had before prepared, when about twenty soldiers of the king's guard, alarmed by Guhullaru's outcries, came to the place. This unexpected assistance struck terror into Salak and Azim; they were forced to abandon the queen, and to betake themselves to flight. They were pursued, but in vain; they were well mounted, and made their escape, carrying with them the eunuch who had favored them in the execution of their infamous design.

It is impossible to express the affliction of Guhullaru; her complaints pierced the very skies. She caused the bloody corpse of her husband to be carried away, and instead of observing all the funeral ceremonies, she only embalmed it with her own hands, and had it put into a coffin of gold, which she adorned with the most precious of her jewels. She likewise deposited in the coffin his bloody shirt, and the daggers with which he was assassinated; and afterwards took a solemn oath to revenge her husband's death, not only upon the murderers, but upon all their families. She afterwards set out incognita, with prince Kiahia, her brother, and twelve slaves, all resolved to sacrifice themselves for her service.

My sons did not expect a fury like this; without the least

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remorse for what they had done, they minded nothing but flying away from a country which they knew was filled with aversion against them; but they did not carry their crime very far. At some days' journey from the place where they had committed it, Salak's horse fell and broke his rider's leg; and his brother Azim being gone to the next town to get some speedy succor for him, that wretch was carried into a neighboring house. Guhullaru, who, without losing a moment's time, pursued the murderers as it were by the scent, came by chance to that very house. She knew nothing of Salak being so near her: but after having made a slight repast, looking into the coffin of gold according to her custom, to renew her cruel vow, she was in the utmost surprise to see several drops of blood issue from her husband's body. Just heaven! cried the princess, the murderers must be somewhere in this place. Then rising from the table like a mad woman, she took in each hand one of the daggers, with which Rusang-jahun had been stabbed; and having searched most part of the house with her brother and the twelve slaves, she came at last into the chamber where Salak was reposing himself. The sight of him transported her with rage. Traitor! cried she, it is full time thou wert punished for the execrable crime thou hast committed upon my husband: the slowest and most violent torments were too little for such a villain as thou art; but my revenge could not be entirely satisfied if I deferred it a moment, or committed the care of it to any other but myself. Then, without giving him time to make any answer to these reproaches, which were but too just, she plunged her dagger into his heart a thousand times; and after having caused his head to be cut off, and exposed his body to the vultures, she went out of the house, leaving the master of it terrified at her cruelty. As she was informed by him that my other son had gone to the next town, and that upon his not coming so soon as was expected, the impatient Salak had sent a slave whom he had to fetch him;

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she took the road by which they were to come, and having met with them in a little wood, where they must necessarily be obliged to pass, she gave the unfortunate Azim the same treatment as she had given his brother, and put to death the traitorous eunuch, accomplice of their crime, by the most exquisite torments. I was as much surprised as disturbed at hearing these sorrowful news; whatever tenderness I had for my children, I could not blame Guhullaru's revenge; but I almost died with grief at the sight of their bloody heads, which she sent me in a box, with a letter full of threats to destroy me in the same manner, with the rest of my family.

Abu Zaid, the only son that was left me, was as much concerned as myself at the death of his brothers. My lord, said he to me, the enemy we have to deal with is an irritated woman, who will attack us by craft and subtlety; give me leave to take care of your life and that of the queen, and let me endeavor to defend you from a danger which makes me tremble both for you and for her. My grief was so excessive, continued Badur, that it deprived me of the use of my senses. Do whatever you think proper, said I, my dear Abu Zaid; for my part I will retire into the recesses of my palace, there to bemoan incessantly the ill actions of your brothers, and to pray Allah to forget them. I afterwards doubled my guard, and shut myself up in the innermost parts of my palace with the queen my spouse, accompanied only by three or four of the principal men of my court, who would not leave me in my affliction.

My son, after having prepared everything that was necessary for the journey he meditated, accosted the princess Dijara: My dear sister, said he to her, you are not ignorant to what a pitch the fury of Guhullaru is raised. Our life is not in safety here; let us go together to seek for the means of preserving the king and queen from her cruel menaces. The famous jinni Geoncha, protector of the unfortunate,

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dwells in a magnificent palace which is at the foot of the famous mountain, Jabal-Assumum [1]: I have taken a resolution, while my father is shut up in his palace, to go and implore the succor of that king of the jinnis. Let us set forward, therefore, my dear Dijara, and under habits that may disguise our quality, let us try to obtain a remedy for the evils which our unhappy brothers have brought upon our heads.

Abu Zaid and Dijara, before they departed, embraced us tenderly. After above a month's travelling, they arrived in a vast champaign country, interspersed with a great number of little streams: as the heat was very excessive, and as they perceived, at some distance, a wood of a pretty large extent, they made to it, and reposed themselves there in the cool shade, with two slaves, who were all the train they had with them; when they heard a frightful noise, as of a great rock tumbling from the top of a high hill. They looked all round them to see what it was which occasioned this noise; but when they had advanced further into the wood, they found that it proceeded from a sort of cistern, covered with a small stone, and sealed at each corner with a seal, whereon was stamped the name of the great Sulayman. Immediately the horrible noise, which at first amazed them, began to diminish; and was succeeded by the following complaints: Perfidious Zalulu! Traitorous jinni! Dost thou thus abuse the seal of Sulayman to detain me a prisoner in this place? and must the unfortunate Geoncha be forever enclosed in the bowels of the earth, without having deserved so hard a fate?

At the name of Geoncha my children leapt for joy. King of the jinnis, cried out Abu Zaid, here is a prince who would succor you at the expense of his life, let me but know how it is to be done. — All thou hast to do, said the imprisoned

[1] That is, the poisonous mountain, because the earth of it inspires melancholy into those who smell it.

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jinni, is to get up this stone, by taking away, with as much care as possible, the print of the seal of the great Sulayman. Abu Zaid, transported with joy, took off the seal without breaking it, as the jinni had expressly ordered him. A thick smoke in a moment rose up to the clouds, and extending itself over the cistern, made so dark a fog, that the prince and princess could not see one another. The darkness, which all of a sudden covered the wood, very much frightened the prince and princess; but the fog soon afterwards re-united into a solid body, out of which was formed the jinni.

Abu Zaid and Dijara immediately threw themselves at Geoncha's feet. We were going even to seek you in your palace, said the prince my son; I hoped, O powerful king of the jinnis! that without being subject to the fatal effects of the mountain Jabal-Assumum, the gate would have been open to me by virtue of the secret words, which I formerly learnt of the Yogi Kachokao,[1] and without which all who have the boldness to come near it are sure to fall into a distemper more terrible than death itself. — I praise God, interrupted the jinni, for having brought you to this place, to restore me the liberty which the perfidious Zalulu had for these twelve years past deprived me of, by the blackest piece of malice that ever was known: but I will not be ungrateful for the inestimable service you have done me.

That wicked jinni, continued Geoncha, to be revenged upon me for destroying, as I have so often done, the unjust projects he forms against young princes and princesses, whom he persecutes for nothing but his cruel diversion, carried on his design in this manner. As he knows that his

[1] The Yogis, or Jogis, among the Hindus, are like pilgrims or vagrant monks, who generally frequent the desert and solitude. They live upon alms, and are in great reputation for sanctity, because they spend several days together in very austere abstinence, sometimes without eating and drinking.

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power is very much inferior to mine, he, by some subtle trick or other, stole from the good king Zif the ring of the mighty Sulayman, which that prince used for the benefit of mankind; and, being master of this treasure, he came to me, asked my pardon for all the uneasiness he had given to the persons I protected, and begged me to grant him my friendship, with protestations so sincere in appearance, that I could not tell how to refuse it him.

After our reconciliation, we took a walk together in this wood; when, having insensibly drawn me towards this place, he sat him down upon the side of this cistern; then the traitor, who designed nothing but to circumvent me, having desired to see a carcanet of diamonds which I wore round my neck, let it fall into the cistern, as he was pretending to return it to me. I immediately threw myself into the cistern to fetch out my carcanet: this was what the wretch wanted. He took advantage of this moment, covered the cistern with that stone, and fastened it with the seal of the great Sulayman. I leave you to judge how much I was astonished at this stratagem, continued Geoncha. The useless efforts I made to get out of my prison convinced me that there was but one power so superior as to be strong enough to detain me; and this place is so much out of the way, that I supposed I should have stayed here for several ages. But since I am obliged to you for so unlooked-for a freedom, you may assure yourself, prince, that my gratitude shall have no bounds.

The jinni, continued Badur, having given my son to understand that he was not ignorant of the cause of his journey, offered him the assistance he wished for. The death of your brothers was just, said he, and Guhullaru ought indeed to have sacrificed no less than those murderers to the manes of her husband; but I will moderate the sharp resentment she is actuated by, and from this moment you need no longer be apprehensive of that princess's fury. Then, having replaced

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the stone upon the mouth of the cistern, he again fixed upon it the print of Sulayman's seal, that Zalulu might not be sensible of his being at liberty: and having by his power formed in it a noise like that which he made there in the time of his restraint, he embraced the prince and princess, and conveying them through the air with extreme rapidity, set them down in a charming meadow which was on the frontiers of my dominions. I will not leave you, said he to them, until I have made you happy; but as I must hide myself from the traitor Zalulu, in order to get from him the ring of Sulayman, I will not appear to you in my proper shape. I will contract myself into so small a bulk that the beautiful Dijara shall be able to carry me easily by her side, and you need only wish that I should resume my former shape, and obey your orders, and it will be done that moment. Then the jinni having dissipated himself into smoke, the princess, my daughter, found at her feet a golden box, which hung from a chain of the same metal. She immediately opened it, and was in the utmost surprise to see in it, through a crystal, several springs, which performed all the internal functions of the human body: she tied it to her side.

The jinni, continued Badur, had given my children magnificent clothes, and had ordered them to conceal their quality no longer. They had already passed through some towns in my kingdom, when one evening, being come to a sort of village, where the approaching night obliged them to stop, they knocked at the door of the house which had the best appearance there. They were very well received by the master of it: but just as they were entering into the chamber that was prepared for them, three Chinese travellers would have taken possession of it for a lady, who was at the gate in a palanquin. My son had no sooner discovered himself to be the prince of Caor, than the three men yielded him the place, went out of the house, and carried the lady to another lodging. My children, after a slight supper, went to bed;

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and sleep reigned profoundly in their chamber, when the very same Chinese travellers, the princess Guhullaru, who was the lady in the palanquin, her brother, and all her servants, came to the door of the house where Abu Zaid and Dijara were buried in repose. She had been transported with joy when she heard they were so near her; but being willing to stay till they were asleep, it was not till she judged they were so that she knocked at the door of the house where they were. The master of the house had no sooner opened the door to them than he found a dagger at his throat, with menaces of stabbing him that moment if he made the least noise. We have no design, said Guhullaru to him, upon any but two perfidious wretches who are lodged in your house, and who give themselves out to be the children of the king of Caor; deliver them up to our revenge, or thou diest this instant. The host, terribly frightened, was forced to show them the chamber of Abu Zaid and Dijara, deploring in his heart the miserable fate he saw they were going to endure.

The queen of Nangan, pursued Badur, as she has since confessed to me, made terrible reflections at that moment. She was filled with remorse against the injustice of the action she was committing. But forget that thou art a woman, said she to herself: or at least remember thou art an offended woman. Then, having given one of her daggers to Kiahia, and armed herself with the other, they entered into my children's apartment; and, though with a trembling hand, they were just going to execute their cruel resolution, yet, when each of them cast their eyes upon the persons they were to destroy, they found their arms held back by a superior power. Never was Guhullaru so struck, as when she considered the regularity of Abu Zaid's features; and the charms of the princess of Caor so dazzled the eyes of Kiahia, who was going to pierce her heart, that the dagger fell out of his hand. Guhullaru was somewhat longer before she yielded,

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but the jinni Geoncha, who was watchful for the preservation of my children, having entirely touched the heart of the queen of Nangan, she waked the prince my son. Return thanks, said she, to the secret power that disarms me; the desire of revenge has quite vanished away from me; and I find my heart relent in the very moment when I least looked for such a change. Then turning to her brother: As for you, said she, my dear Kiahia, I am sensible that the extreme beauty of the princess has made a strong impression upon your soul. How glad I am to find this happy sympathy between us! I should have died with grief if you had executed one part of our unjust resolve; and I begin to feel that I was pushing my cruelty too far. The real criminals are punished; the death of my husband is sufficiently revenged.

Dijara awaked at this moment; she was frightened at seeing so many people in her chamber. Powerful king of the jinnis, cried she, come speedily to our assistance! She had no sooner pronounced these words than the gold box opened of itself; the chamber was filled with obscurity, which, dissipating by degrees, exposed to sight the formidable Geoncha. This sudden aid struck terror into Guhullaru and Kiahia; they began to be afraid for their own lives, when the jinni encouraged them with extraordinary kindness. Forget, madam, said Geoncha to Guhullaru, forget the death of a husband whom you have sufficiently revenged. Let Abu Zaid and Dijara be the bonds of an eternal peace between your families, and let the field of battle be turned into the nuptial bed. Guhullaru was at first so surprised at the sight of the redoubtable jinni that she scarce heard what he said to her; but Abu Zaid, who was that instant struck with the splendor of her charms, throwing himself at her feet: Suffer your heart to be touched, madam, said he to her, with a submissive air: I shall esteem myself the happiest of mortals if my cares, my respect, and the most tender

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love, can one day prevail upon you to give me the place of a prince whom you have indeed the greatest reason to bewail.

Guhullaru now began to be moved, continued Badur; she lifted up Abu Zaid; and Dijara, persuaded by the passionate expressions of Kiahia, gave him to understand that she would not oppose me, if I consented to this marriage. The jinni having then commanded the four new lovers and all their attendants to take hold of his mantle, he transported them in a moment into my palace, where, at length, after the Queen of Nangan had set apart some time for the decency of her widowhood, she married Abu Zaid, and the same day Kiahia became the husband of the princess my daughter. This double marriage restored my heart to its former tranquillity; and it gave me so much joy to see my family again settled in peace, that for fear my repose should again be disturbed by some new accident, I resolved with the queen my spouse to retire into this rural palace, built by the potent Geoncha. And here, free from the troubles of grandeur, and under the protection of that king of the jinnis, who has gone to an invisible island to wait for a fair opportunity of revenging himself upon the traitor Zalulu, the queen and I enjoy a quiet and peaceable state of life.

SEQUEL OF THE HISTORY OF SHARIF AL-DIN AND OF GUL-HINDI

The night was pretty far advanced, continued Ibn Aridun; therefore Badur, after having concluded his history, perceiving that his guests stood in need of repose, conducted each of them to a separate apartment. That which he assigned to the real Gul-hindi was furnished with the utmost politeness, and adorned with pictures drawn by a Hindu, equal in skill to the famous Mani. That Hindu was so

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excellent in his art, and in the disposing of his colors and shades, that he could have expressed with his pencil the breath itself, and the respiration of animated creatures. There was described, in one of these pictures, a triumphal car all in flames, upon which stood a child supporting a sphere on his head, and his face surrounded with rays, which reflected a great deal of majesty upon him; his hands were filled with fiery darts; he had a quiver on his shoulder, a sabre by his side; and he dragged along in a chain behind his car an infinite number of persons of all ages, sexes, and conditions; one might read in their faces and attitudes the expressions of the most lively passions. This celebrated painter had outdone himself in this work; and by some nice touches peculiar to himself, the winds that he had painted at the corners of the picture seemed to keep in their breath, for fear of increasing the flames which glowed throughout this masterpiece.

Gul-hindi looked attentively upon this picture: she sighed and blushed at the same time. She cast her eyes upon another, at the bottom whereof she read these verses:

A lawless passion Koka's bosom warms,
And her incestuous heart her brother charms:
Her flame with virtuous horror Kyni views;
The more he flies, the swifter she pursues.
No ray of hope to cheer her suit appears,
And sorrow melts her into floods of tears;
Vishnu with pity saw her ceaseless grief,
And, kind to the unhappy, brought relief;
Into a fountain he transformed the dame,
Where guilty love extinguishes his flame.

Never was anything more beautiful or more striking than this painting; but notwithstanding all the master-strokes with which it abounded, the princess turned away her eyes from it. She met with another which seemed more apposite to the condition she herself was in. It represented the history

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of Fork and Onam: she read their adventures with great attention, and oppressed with a thousand cruel reflections: Just heaven! cried she, must everything that offers itself to my view conduce to nourish a passion whose consequences must inevitably prove fatal to me? I love, but whom do I love? A woman like myself; and this very obstacle, as invincible as it is, redoubles my affections. Ah! miserable princess, do not form such unlawful wishes; love nothing but what a woman may love without a crime, since nature opposes thy unreasonable ardor. But, said she again immediately, may not the example of Fork, which is now before my eyes, alleviate the uneasiness I am in? Why should I be inspired with so extravagant a passion, if it is not designed that a miracle shall be wrought in my favor? Fork was a beautiful woman: the god Vishnu, whose assistance she implored, in a moment changed her to the most amiable of all mankind. Ah! I rave, continued Gul-hindi; let me fly from this adorable object: that is the only remedy for my misfortunes. But wherefore fly? interrupted she presently afterwards; what harm is there in loving the princess of Tuluphan? No, no, let me not find out a crime where there can be none; but let me maintain with honor the character I am at present forced to act. Gul-hindi spent almost the whole night in these reflections; and rising at daybreak, she descended into the garden to walk off her inquietude. She found a little door that opened into the forest: she went into it, and her thoughtfulness insensibly drew her into a place where the wood was very thick: she sat herself down there, and, fatigued with having spent the night in so restless a manner, fell into a gentle and refreshing slumber.

Sharif al-Din was agitated with the like thoughts; the night seemed very tedious to him. Aurora had hardly begun to appear, when jumping from off the bed, upon which he had only lain him down, he took his bow and his arrows,

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and passing out of the garden into the wood, he followed, without knowing it, the same track which Gul-hindi had taken before him; he was walking pretty fast, when he heard a little noise in a private place. He went nearer to it, and seeing the leaves stir, he imagined it was some beast moving out of its hold, and thereupon shot one of his arrows at random. What was the surprise of Sharif al-Din, continued Ibn Aridun, when he heard a doleful cry, which proceeded from somebody whose voice he was acquainted with! His heart was seized with the sharpest grief; he ran with all his speed to the place, and found that he had wounded the very man who had rescued him from the giant. What horror and despair was the prince seized with at the sight of his deliverer all in blood! His eyes were covered with an obscurity which hindered him from seeing what he had done. Unhappy bow! cried he, unhappy dart! but rather, unhappy Prince! die, and bear the punishment of thy indiscretion! In pronouncing these last words, my lord, Sharif al-Din was just going to stab himself with one of his arrows, when he heard his friend groan. He immediately quitted his design of dying, to try to save a life which was so dear to him: he ran to embrace him, melting into tears; and going to staunch the blood which trickled from the wound he had given him in the breast, he remained without motion, when he perceived that he had wounded a woman. He was ready to expire with sorrow at this discovery. O heavens! said he, his eyes overflowing with tears, must I obtain the knowledge of the most charming person in the world by so tragical an accident? But let me, if possible, repair my error. Then tearing the muslin of Gul-hindi's turband, he stopped the blood as well as he was able. He afterwards in vain endeavored to find the soul of that princess upon those lips where the paleness of death was painted. She gave no sign of life; but as there was a stream which glided along at some distance from thence, he ran to it, and brought some

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water in the princess's turband, when he beheld her in the arms of a frightful man.

Sharif al-Din, at this sight, immediately drew his sabre and prepared to fight the monster, who grew larger and larger every moment; when he cried out to him in a terrible voice: Stop, young madman, unless thou thyself wouldst be the murderer of this princess, whose neck I will wring at the least motion thou makest. — Ah, barbarian! cried the prince, you know too well how to take advantage of my tender concern. Were it not for that, I would let out thy life, or perish gloriously in attempting to succor the divine person whom thou deprivest me of with so much baseness. — I am above your threats, replied the ravisher; know that I am called Zalulu, and that I am one of the most powerful jinnis upon earth: I took delight at the moment of thy birth, and of that of this princess, to traverse your lives. I made an exchange of you two; I laid thee in the cradle of the princess of Tuluphan, and her in thine: you were to have been happy in each other's love, if you had attained the age of seventeen years without knowing one another for such as you really are. You have, unhappily for yourself, discovered this princess's sex before the time prescribed; this is what puts her into my power; and you must never hope to see her more, while I am what I am. — Zalulu then carried away Gul-hindi, leaving the prince in a despair so violent, that he resolved not to survive his misfortune. He fiercely set the point of his sabre against his breast, and was just going to pierce his heart when he found his arm suddenly stayed by an invisible hand.

Geoncha, who incessantly watched over the malignant actions of Zalulu, and hindered the consequences of them as much as lay in his power, thought it high time to assist the prince of Ormuz. He disarmed him, therefore, in the very moment that he was making an attempt upon his life, and offering himself to his sight in the shape of a majestic old

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man: Sharif al-Din, said he, moderate a little the violence of your passions, and follow the wholesome advice of a jinni who loves you. It was I who presided at yours and Gul-hindi's birth: it was I who in the resolution to unite you together, formed between you such charming ties, and inspired you with that sudden reciprocal tenderness. But as neither of you was able to avoid what is written upon the table of light, you must wait with patience for the moment that may restore you to your princess, and by a perfect submission to the Will of Heaven deserve the happy destiny which is perhaps prepared for you. The prince was very much consoled by these words. Powerful jinni, said he, throwing himself at Geoncha's feet, since I am obliged to submit without murmuring, at least inform me what will be done with me till the arrival of that happy moment. — Do you find in yourself, prince, replied the jinni, so much courage as to face death in rescue of your princess? That is the only way to abridge your misfortunes, or to perish gloriously for her sake. — Can it be doubted? answered Sharif al-Din; I am ready to sacrifice a thousand lives to obtain the adorable Gul-hindi, and the most cruel death is not sufficient to turn me from so noble a design. — I admire your intrepidity, replied Geoncha: give me your hand; you shall quickly be satisfied. The prince gave his hand to Geoncha; he struck the ground, and the earth opened. They both of them plunged into its most dreadful abysses; and at last found themselves in a cavern, the mouth of which looked into a champaign country, adorned with a thousand various flowers, which led, by a walk of palms, to a magnificent palace, into which they entered.

To effect the deliverance of your princess, said the jinni then to the prince Sharif al-Din, I must begin by recovering the superiority which naturally I have over the malicious Zalulu. I can never bring that about but by artfully getting from him the seal of Sulayman, which that traitor has un-

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doubtedly stolen from the good king Zif; and to do this, I have occasion for a prince like yourself, who will fearlessly expose himself to almost unavoidable death. What you are to do is this. There is in the island of Jilolo a spring, called the Fountain of Oblivion, unknown to all mortals. There are very few even of the sages and jinnis who can tell precisely where this Fountain is: and though some do know it, they are ignorant of the proper dose, which is the chief point, because the remedy is to be found in the very distemper, and according to the quantity that is drunk of it, it takes away and restores memory. This water is guarded by a jinni named Nihorah, who without mercy strangles all those who come near it: but as he holds all his authority from me, he has not refused me some water from this Fountain. Here is a bottle of it, enough to answer my necessity for it. The difficulty lies in presenting it to the perfidious Zalulu; and not one of all the jinnis who depend upon me would accept the commission, so much do they dread the power of Sulayman's ring. Have you, prince, firmness enough to undertake so perilous an action? It may endanger your life and even that of your princess, if Zalulu should mistrust the deceit you intend to put upon him; but if you can by your cunning bring him to drink of the water of the Fountain of Oblivion, you will that very moment become possessor of the princess of Tuluphan.

Sharif al-Din, continued Ibn Aridun, accepted Geoncha's proposal without the least hesitation; and that jinni, having conducted him into a spacious hall, made him enter into a bath. The prince had not been half an hour in the water, before he perceived a change in his person which frightened him. He jumped immediately out of it, and covering himself precipitately with a very fine cloth: Ah! jinni, cried he, what is the meaning of this new metamorphosis? Geoncha fell a-laughing. What, said he to the prince, who was then changed into the most beautiful woman that was ever seen,

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